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ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

IF war is to come, England may reckon confidently on keeping out of it. She will not only be neutral, but the war will be of a kind that is exceedingly unlikely to raise any of the difficult questions which sometimes involve neutrals in embarrassment. It is scarcely probable that there should even be a blockade, and all the combatants will want near home the few ships they have got, and will not come to create embarrassment to the authorities of English ports. No result of the war is likely to affect us much, and we can afford to let the Continental Powers settle how the map of Europe shall be remodelled, so far as it is likely to be altered. This makes it very easy for us to be calm and impartial at this critical time when war may break out any day, and any suggestions we may offer have the recommendation of being disinterested, and of not having been dictated by hope or fear. But, on the other hand, we cannot hope to have much influence, and it is very much to be desired that our diplomatists may not have been pretending to have an influence which every one knows they have really not got. That we should do what we can for the maintenance of peace is very right, and England has sufficient claims on the attention of all the combatants to invite them to consider with her whether their differences cannot be adjusted. But this is the utmost that she can ask, or that she need wish to ask. She is rapidly ceasing to be a European Power in the sense in which she was a European Power in the days of WELLINGTON. She is now an Asiatic Power, a maritime Power, an oceanic Power, much more than a European one. The affairs of Burmah, of Affghan, of Nepaul, are of more importance to her than the affairs of Wurtemberg and Hanover and Hesse-Cassel. To keep the road to India open through Egypt is far more necessary to her than to insist that this or that little Rhenish stronghold shall not belong to France. Her chief interest in resisting the aggressions of Russia on Constantinople is not to protect the mouth of the Danube or to neutralize the Euxine or to help the Rayahs of Turkey, but to impress on the Mahomedan populations under her rule or adjacent to her territories that her strength is unbroken, and that she can rule them with a rod of iron if necessary. It makes exceedingly little difference to us whether we are lightly spoken of and our prestige is pronounced to be at an end in the beer-gardens of Munich and the *cafés* of Florence; but it is of vital moment to us that at Lucknow and Peshawur we should still be thought quite sure to win in a struggle, if a struggle is forced on us. We are also a nation of traders and of carriers, and we are rich because we trade with every nation, and carry the goods of all the world. Some of the greatest nations of the Continent are, in this respect, of the least importance to us. With great pain and difficulty we have managed to make a commercial treaty with Austria. We have a Budget, of which two main features are that, to carry out the treaty, wine is to be taxed in a new way, and timber is not to be taxed at all; and then, when we have done our part, we are told that Austria hesitates to do her part, and thinks that, if she is to find money for war, she must find it through protective duties. Lastly, we have Oceanic interests; and parts of ourselves, members of our families, homes of our brothers and our children, are separated from us by half the globe, and must be linked to us by our making our paths sure and undisputed on the highway of nations. The taking of a New Zealand pah is more to us than the taking of Düppel. It is not because we are more selfish than we used to be that we care less for the Continent than we used to do, and interfere less in its affairs; but because we have new things to think of, new sympathies to absorb us, new interests to protect. The Americans wisely

hold off altogether from European affairs, for they have a world of their own to attend to. We cannot hold off altogether, for we are too near the Continent; but we hold off more and more, for we too are gaining a new world washed by Indian and Southern seas.

The efforts, therefore, that British diplomatists may make, at a time like the present, to preserve peace, cannot derive very much weight from the fact that it is in the name of England that they are made. For not only is England rapidly ceasing to take any active part in the affairs of Europe, but her diplomatic efforts are obviously made, not merely to effect the special aim to which they are directed, but also in order that those who live in diplomatic circles may agree that the right thing has been done. Lord CLARENDON is expected to go through a certain amount of decorous activity to save the Continent from war, not only that war may be averted, but that English diplomacy may not seem to have faded altogether out of existence. The traditions of the Foreign Office demand that the representatives of the Five Great Powers shall, on important occasions, step forward and consult for the common good. Lord CLARENDON would be thought to be doing less than, as a representative of one of these Powers, he ought to be doing, if he did not now do as much as possible in the way of talking and writing on behalf of peace. We still think it desirable and natural that the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs should belong to the class from which European diplomatists are ordinarily taken, and our relations with the Continent are still so numerous and complicated that this may very probably be expedient. But the consequence is, that we appear to be more of a European Power than we are, because our diplomatists give us the air of holding our old place in European diplomacy. And although we may quite expect to keep out of the war, still we cannot fail to be largely affected by it if it takes place. Our trade will suffer, our investments in Continental property will be depreciated, costly enterprises in which English capital is embarked will stand still, and will remain unfinished, or perhaps go to decay and break up. The affairs of the Continent can never cease to have the most powerful interest for us even while we gradually become more disinclined, and in some sense more unable, to take an active part in them. Nor is this interest merely a material or a commercial one. It is also social and political. We cannot be indifferent to the spectacle of neighbouring nations rushing to arms, entering on new systems of government, upholding new ideas, venturing on new crimes, courting ruin on a gigantic scale, or calling into play new elements of strength. The politics of the Continent offer a field of study and an inexhaustible source of instruction, the value of which we cannot overrate. But in order to criticize European politics rightly, and in order to extract from them any philosophy that is better than twaddle, we must have some principles of criticism, and be on our guard against some of the errors into which insular ignorance or prejudice, or the natural desire to say exactly what English readers can most easily take in, may so readily lead us. Ignorance is, of course, the root of all misjudging criticism. We judge wrongly because we have not sufficient grounds on which to form our judgment. But ignorance takes many shapes and springs from very various causes. We are on the outside of all these Continental disturbances, and we are apt to judge of them simply as outsiders. Englishmen know that the war is a very serious matter, and long to pronounce or read opinions upon the parties to it; but they are content to judge them only from the outside, and exhibit those defects of judgment to which outsiders are most prone. Among these defects of judgment, some of the most obvious are those which spring from that want of imagination and that thirst for quick results, satisfying their prepossessions, to which all outsiders are so prone. In nothing is the thirst for quick results displayed so strikingly as in the language held at present about the Emperor NAPOLEON. We do not want to mix ourselves up in European politics, but we want to

have them shaped in such a way as will please us. Now it has occurred to some of us that this wish might be most conveniently realized if we could but find a very powerful European State that could keep the rest in order, but would consent to act as we advised and recommended. We have selected France to play this part. Every morning we read that peace is most desirable, and that if the EMPEROR would but speak the words we should have peace. The mode in which peace would be secured would be, that France should threaten to make war on any Power that broke the peace; and that, guided by English wisdom, the French army should be sent over the Continent to make things quiet. France is not to get anything by this. She is forbidden to acquire any new territory; she is to be purely unselfish; she is to find the money and the men, and England is to furnish nothing but sound advice; and then the results on which England has set her fancy would be rapidly and, so far as England went, most cheaply secured. How childish this must seem to Frenchmen, and more especially to the EMPEROR, even those who use such language would perceive, if they took the trouble to reflect for a moment on what they were saying. Nor are the errors much less serious into which an utter want of imagination leads English critics. They cannot see the war for a single instant as Italians and Germans see it. They sit down quite gravely and show the Italians that Italy is making an arithmetical mistake. They think they can prove to demonstration that a war for Venetia will not pay. They are exceedingly sensible, and they know it, and let it be seen that they know it. But it is not these admirable advisers who are going to war, but the Italians, who are by no means in a condition of common sense, and are breathing the very different atmosphere of a burning, fiery excitement. That a nation like Italy cannot keep itself together at all unless it feels the excitement of a noble purpose and of a sublime daring, is not the kind of theory these critics like to encourage. England pays the interest of her consolidated debt without any insane wish to take anybody's fortresses, and why should not Italy do as England does? As to Germany, again, we are told morning after morning that the two German Powers are doing nothing more than quarrel over their plunder, and are scrambling for the ill-gotten prize of the Duchies. It is quite true that the first beginnings of war came from the differences of Austria and Prussia about Holstein, but the very slightest sympathy with the feelings of Germans would suggest how very far things have now advanced beyond those first beginnings. Austria has not strained her resources, called nearly a million of men to be ready for battle, obliged herself to court her outlying nationalities, appealed to the fitful enthusiasm of Bohemians and Poles, in order merely that she may retain the supremely uncomfortable position which the Convention of Gastein gave her in Holstein. She is doing all this that she may take an advantageous opportunity of deciding whether her whole existence shall be an existence of sufferance, and whether, among the German populations whom she rules or influences, the manners, the feelings, and the religion that are dear to her shall be stifled and overshadowed by the advancing supremacy of her rival in the North. Austria may be right or wrong, wise or foolish, in thinking of war now to determine this issue; but at any rate it is a great issue, an issue worthy of a supreme effort of heroism, and not a paltry issue like that of the dominion of the Duchies. How can the Continentals care for exhortations to peace that come from peacemakers utterly unable to understand the causes of the war?

THE IRISH TENURE BILL.

THE last debate on Irish tenures was not calculated to reassure nervous purchasers of land in the Encumbered Estates Court. Under the guidance of Mr. MILL, who is often followed by Mr. GLADSTONE, the House of Commons has of late found itself unwillingly compelled to discuss the foundations of the English political creed. Mr. LOWE is the most conspicuous champion of the doctrines which are generally accepted, not as philosophical truths, but as the recognised rule of action; and in the discussion on Mr. FORTESCUE'S Bill, he proved, to the satisfaction of all competent hearers, that legislative interference with absolute rights of property is a violation of the accepted principles of political economy. The power of every man to do what he will with his own is generally thought the best security for the prudent administration of real and personal wealth. The "gospel of selfishness," as the science of political economy has been facetiously called, is in some respects not unsuitable to a world composed of individual selves. It was not so much Mr. Lowe's

business to vindicate the prevailing theory as to argue that, if its soundness were acknowledged, it ought to be consistently applied. The law of landlord and tenant is the same in England as in Ireland, and in both countries the relation is supposed to depend wholly on contract. It is a solecism, according to Mr. LOWE, to introduce an arbitrary term into a voluntary bargain. The prejudices of Irish tenants are only to be overcome by the strict enforcement of economic orthodoxy, and it is a dangerous mistake to tamper with ownership in favour of discontented claimants to the same coveted possession. Compensation for improvements which may have been neither sanctioned nor desired by the landowner is obviously inconsistent with perfect proprietorship of the soil. The right of preventing improvement may, as Mr. MILL says, be the privilege of the dog in the manger; but law and political economy assume that the manger belongs exclusively to the dog. The moral claim of the ox to the hay raises only, as Mr. LOWE said, a duty of imperfect obligation. In Great Britain, if not in Ireland, dog and ox, represented by landlord and tenant, find it their interest to live on terms of mutual accommodation, and it is difficult to explain on scientific principles the different working of the same maxims in the adjacent island. The constitutional security of English landlords is, however, replaced in Ireland by a precarious and unpopular despotism. The local customs and the honourable understanding which temper absolute ownership in England have never taken root in a country where tenant farmers are for the most part small and disaffected cottagers. Mr. LOWE justly thinks that to consolidate holdings in the hands of capitalists would be more compatible with general prosperity.

Mr. MILL is thought by his admirers to have triumphed over Mr. LOWE by going deeper into the principle of property. But in the field of Parliamentary controversy, subsoil ploughing is an innovation, and it is uncertain whether the experiment will answer. The House of Commons has hitherto contented itself with the commonplace assumptions which constitute popular opinion. It has been taken for granted that the Crown, the two Houses, the Established Church, and many other institutions are necessary conditions of legislation and government; and the right of landlords to eject tenants at the end of their term, and to enforce the covenants of leases, has been as undisputed as the propositions that the QUEEN can do no wrong and that Ministers are responsible. Mr. MILL can scarcely fail to baffle an adversary by refusing to comply with the rules of the game. No member, however, has a better right to propound original theories, and his just confidence in his own intellectual power may have been confirmed by his success in impressing his views on more experienced statesmen. In a single speech Mr. MILL converted Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been Chancellor of the Exchequer for ten years, to Mr. DISRAELI'S abandoned scheme for paying off the National Debt; and it is not improbable that the same eminent proselyte may already have acquiesced in the doctrine that no man has more than a temporary usufruct of land, because no man has created the soil. The argument is more paradoxical than the inference, and, except in the House of Commons, the system is not altogether new. Mr. MILL informed the House that COLERIDGE regarded landed property as a trust, and he might have quoted the same authority for many propositions still more startling to the Parliamentary mind. The question is interesting to political philosophers, but county members will not like the Irish Tenure Bill better because its ablest supporter considers land as the subject only of a qualified ownership. The exposition of the inherent antagonism of two courses of policy has not a tendency to facilitate a compromise; and though sensible proprietors know perfectly well that it is inexpedient to strain their pretensions, they are not inclined to renounce the abstract right of insisting on the extreme letter of the law. A skilful debater never assigns too good a reason for any measure which he is anxious to carry. Knowing that an abstract principle is likely to involve many consequences which would be unpalatable to his audience, he is satisfied to use the readiest and simplest argument which may be sufficient for his purpose, leaving the august form of Truth at the bottom of her well. Mr. MILL'S statement that there could be no absolute property in land was not an answer to Mr. LOWE'S contention that proprietors should be masters of their own estates; yet it is well that the House of Commons should sometimes be reminded of the scepticism which questions some of its most habitual convictions.

As an economist, Mr. MILL was fully justified in observing that the agricultural organization of England is far more exceptional than the system which predial agitators as-

pire to establish in Ireland. One of the acutest writers of the last generation, Mr. JONES of Haylebury, illustrated, in several valuable essays, the influence of local experience on the English economists who have been the principal students and teachers of the science. The distribution of the rural community into landlords, tenant-farmers, and labourers living exclusively on wages, is almost unknown on the Continent of Europe, in America, and in Asia; yet in works on political economy the exception is generally used as the type. The selection is not exclusively due to prejudice or ignorance, for the English system is at the same time the most productive in proportion to its cost, and the most conformable of all others to the assumptions of pure economy. An acre grows more in Belgium than in England, but it occupies twice as many producers. The free demand and supply of land and labour, and the adaptation of the size of holdings to the capital of the occupants, are also peculiar to England. As a theoretical mechanician would take his examples by preference from cases in which friction was reduced to its lowest point, an economist may excusably prefer the commercial practice of England to cases in which the inveterate attachment of the peasant to his allotment prevails over all pecuniary considerations. Mr. MILL only supplies a necessary correction when he informs the House that the civilized and half-civilized portions of the globe are for the most part divided into little freeholds.

The irreconcilable doctrines and conflicting interests of Irish landlords and tenants suggest the expediency of some compromise such as that which is provided by the Government Bill; but it is impossible to anticipate the working of a measure which is framed in unusually obscure terms, and the difficulty of satisfying the people without confiscating the property of the landowners is almost insuperable. The singular form of primogeniture which prevails among the Irish peasantry illustrates and increases the general confusion. A thriving cottage-farmer leaves his savings to his younger children, and his farm, or rather his claim on the landlord, to the eldest son. A small tenant of Lord DERBY's, holding from year to year, not only alienated all his personality, but charged the farm with a jointure of 50*l.* a year to his widow. In consequence of this practice, the occupier has no capital at the beginning of his term, and his money, if he saves it, is not invested in the farm. It is possible that a legal right of compensation for improvements may tend to encourage expenditure on the farm, but the portions of the younger children may perhaps still be placed by preference in other investments. Mr. READ, who sometimes contributes valuable information to the House from his experience as a tenant-farmer, declared that, with a twenty-one years' lease, a tenant ought to have secured for himself the full benefit of his improvements. Ireland, however, is differently situated from Norfolk, and at present there is little question of deep draining and of artificial manures. In substance, the landlords are asked to make a concession for the sake of peace, and they will also acquire an additional motive for anticipating the demands of the tenant by undertaking improvements themselves. It is probably advisable that some similar Bill should become law, and no measure can be passed except by the Government.

LARGE AND SMALL CONSTITUENCIES.

IN a few days the great Reform contest will have begun again, and evidently it will be as severe as it ever has been. The struggle will now be about details, and the details which have to be determined are so numerous and intricate that the fight they provoke may be carried on for ever, unless weariness or common sense or obedience to a strong will terminates the discussion. The greatest service the Government can render Parliament is to try to simplify the discussion by laying down what it conceives to be the leading principles on which each section of Reform ought to be based or has been based, and by challenging debate on these principles as preliminary to the settlement of the minutest provisions of the Bill. The scheme for the Redistribution of Seats will meet with the most varied and the most vehement opposition, but the weight of this opposition may be in some degree broken if the leading provisions of the Bill can be shown to have been founded on distinct and defensible principles. And as the three main heads of attack will certainly be that small boroughs have hitherto fulfilled many very useful objects which cannot be fulfilled if small boroughs are swept away, that there is no advantage in giving new or additional members to large constituencies, and that the proposed system of grouping is in the highest degree absurd

and inconvenient, a sufficient and intelligible answer to each of these three heads of criticism ought to be provided and declared. With regard to the first head, for example, the existing facts happen to be on the side of the Government. Mr. DISRAELI eulogized the small boroughs, and although he could not pretend that they were often used to give ambitious youths an entrance into Parliament, yet he argued that they were exceedingly useful because they furnished a means by which interests were represented that could not be represented otherwise; and more especially he instanced the interests of the higher branches of trade, and the interests of India and the Colonies, and the interests of intellectual eminence. There is no denying that this is a ground of objection to any scheme for abridging the number and power of small boroughs which deserves the gravest consideration. If it is only through very small boroughs that men representing interests so important can find their way into Parliament, it would be very difficult to make out a case for taking away seats from such boroughs. But when the facts are examined the whole theory melts away. The very small boroughs do not, in point of fact, return members such as Mr. DISRAELI spoke of. After all his solemn appeal in behalf of these boroughs, he could only find one solitary example of his theory to adduce. An ex-Bank-Governor sits for Bridport, and that is all he could discover to help him. But any one who continues the inquiry further will find that the class of men whose interests Mr. DISRAELI was so anxious to protect find their way into the House, not through the boroughs which the Bill attacks, but through the boroughs which the Bill does not attack. As a rule, bankers and great merchants, and colonial or Indian celebrities, and men eminent in law or literature sit for boroughs of a tolerable size, or for very large boroughs, and not for little, antique, effete boroughs like those which the Bill principally affects. For example, among great bankers and merchants, Mr. GLYN and Mr. HANKEY; among Indian and colonial celebrities, Mr. GORST, Mr. MARSH, and Sir HENRY RAWLINSON; among men of literary reputation, Mr. MILL, Mr. KINGLAKE, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. HUGHES—all sit for boroughs larger than the largest of those which the Bill condemns to partial disfranchisement. And any one who knows anything of electioneering will understand how this happens. Men of the description to which Mr. DISRAELI referred must generally go to places where a stranger has a chance, where there is some little independence, and where there is a population capable of understanding the kind of celebrity which the stranger represents, and the general nature of the interests which he represents. Unless a constituency is of some little size, such a class can scarcely exist among the electors. In very small boroughs, as facts show, electors do not like and do not understand eminent strangers. In many very large borough constituencies, local interests are so important, and the choice of local men is so great, that there again an eminent stranger has no chance. It is in boroughs of the size of Cheltenham, Bath, Plymouth, Southampton, or Reading that he has the best chance. Such boroughs, therefore, answer a most valuable purpose, and it would be truly lamentable if they were absorbed in electoral districts or forced to give way to vast centres of borough or county population. Here, therefore, the triumph of the Government, if its case is properly managed, ought to be complete. It has made a calculation with the same object which Mr. DISRAELI had in view; but, as it happens, its calculation is right and Mr. DISRAELI's calculation is wrong.

In the next place, the transfer of seats from small constituencies to large must be justified, and it can only be justified on the ground that a large constituency, as compared with a small one, is a good thing in itself. It must be contended that there is a positive advantage in interesting a large number of Englishmen in the practical working of the Constitution. If this is so, it may be an excellent thing that the squire who is now returned for a tiny borough adjacent to his seat should henceforth be returned as the third member for his county. And if large constituencies are to be represented, they may as well be represented in the best possible way, and there may be a special use in giving a third seat to some of the very large towns. Not only will it give the minority a chance of securing a share of the representation, but it may not improbably diminish the predominance of the local feeling. For many years, the City of London, having so many seats at its disposal, was accustomed to invite some man of political eminence to be one of its four members; and the same thing may very possibly happen at Manchester or Liverpool when those towns have each three members. A squire, too, who sits for a great county constituency is likely to have larger views and wider

sympathies than if he caused himself to be returned by the villagers of some borough at his gates. Perhaps, however, the notion of liberalizing the larger constituencies by increasing their representation has led the Government to overlook a little too much the great advantage of giving an adequate share in the representation to new centres of urban population, where an untainted constituency with fresh feelings and decided opinions already exists. The rising seats of Northern industry have scarcely got that share of the representation which can be expected permanently to content them, and account should be taken of their immediate future, unless the present Reform Bill, if carried, is to be followed in a very few years by another. Theoretically, therefore, it would probably be better not to give seven English seats to Scotland, but to enlarge the House, so as to give seven new members to Scotland; and to distribute the seven English seats, thus saved, either exclusively or mainly among the larger of the unrepresented towns of the North. Practically, if this could not be carried, it would be wise for the Government not to insist on it; but if we are simply considering what in itself is best, we need not argue with the reserve which is compulsory on a Government that has to manage a large and refractory assembly.

But if on these first two heads it is not very difficult for the Government to make out for itself a clear and impressive case, it cannot defend the system of grouping which it has adopted, except by showing that its operation is necessarily of very limited extent, and that, objectionable as it may be, objections equally strong can be urged against every scheme of grouping that could be proposed. It is very important that there should be no confusion on this first point. When we hear that seventy seats of small boroughs are affected by the Government measure, and then are introduced to the various improved systems of grouping which the ingenuity of politicians has devised, we are tempted for a moment to fall into the mistake of supposing that these ingenious schemes are to affect seventy seats. But if the principles laid down by the Government are sanctioned by Parliament, there will not be seventy seats for the grouping to affect, but only twenty or twenty-five. The problem is not how to deal with small boroughs by adding this or that town or village to them, so that the seventy members may represent larger and better constituencies, but rather to decide, after fifty seats in round numbers have been taken from the small boroughs, how shall the few seats still left be distributed. The numerous critics who wrote indignantly or piteously to complain of the Government scheme do not seem to take this into consideration. One of the members for Lymington, for example, complains that Lymington is to be joined to Andover, with which it has no sort of connection, and which has totally distinct interests. This may be so, but the alternative is not that Andover and Lymington should have their constituencies improved, but that one or both should be disfranchised. If fifty seats are to be transferred from small to large constituencies, most certainly Andover and Lymington cannot be left untouched. If fifty seats are to be taken from small constituencies and given to large, and grouping is to be adopted, there are only two ways of doing it. Either the plan adopted by the Government must be followed, or there must be disfranchisement; and twenty of the best and largest of the boroughs affected might be allowed to remain in existence, but have adjacent towns incorporated within their Parliamentary boundaries, or linked in representation with them. Theoretically, the latter would have been the better way. It would have been preferable to cut out Andover, and perhaps Lymington, altogether. But the Government, having to think of what was practical, and having unfortunately to decide on everything in a violent hurry, chose the course that they thought least likely to excite heart-burnings and jealousies, and to expose them to the imputation of caprice and partisanship. This is the best defence, we believe, that can be made for Ministers, but every one must acknowledge that these groups will form constituencies wildly anomalous and inconvenient; and if any better plan could be devised without delaying the Bill, and without exaggerating a small matter into a great one, the Bill would certainly be the better for the change.

THE CONGRESS.

PEACE is so paramount an object that it may be excusable to attempt to preserve it by the use of even cumbrous and dangerous machinery. A Congress or a Conference may perhaps furnish Governments which are hesitating on the verge of war with a pretext for retracing their steps without too obvious a compromise of their dignity. It is impossible, how-

ever, that the Powers which are really or ostensibly neutral should devise any solution which was not previously open to the different parties in the quarrel. There was indeed a time when the consent of the Great Powers was considered to give a valid title to dominions allotted by the decision of a European Congress; but the events of half a century have destroyed the federal organization which followed the great war; and, with the aid of the French Emperor's acts and words, they have largely dislocated the elaborate settlement of 1814 and 1815. More modern adjustments have been still less fortunate, as the arbitrators have either neglected to enforce their award, or deliberately counteracted the effect of their own recent decisions. The ink of the signatures to the Convention of Paris was scarcely dry when France began to concert with Russia the means of disturbing an arrangement which represented the policy of England. The Danubian Principalities were united, because Lord PALMERSTON had induced the Conference to separate them; and it was only through the firmness of the English Government that Russia was prevented from resuming the territory which would have given her access to the left bank of the Danube. The most conspicuous instance, however, of the futility of a territorial adjustment made by the authority of a Conference ought to be especially present to the minds of the plenipotentiaries who may now attempt a similar task. The existing complications in Europe may be directly traced to the unwise and vexatious treaty which was excogitated by the Great Powers in 1852. England, France, and Russia, with the consent of Austria, of Prussia, and of the principal minor States of Germany, undertook to determine the succession to the Danish Crown and the future disposition of the Elbe Duchies. The intention of all parties was to obviate the struggle which ultimately arose mainly from their unauthorized interference. Like other assemblages of the same nature, the Conference took no account either of the rights or of the wishes of those who were principally concerned. Schleswig and Holstein accordingly seized the first opportunity of protesting against an intrusive dynasty; and the German nation forced their Governments to retract or repudiate their own solemn acts. With less excuse, the Emperor of the FRENCH intimated, at an early period of the negotiations, that the first treaty which he had signed after his accession to supreme power was invalid or practically obsolete. Russia was unwilling to take active measures in favour of Denmark, and England alone consistently supported a policy which had in the first instance been erroneous. It is not easy to understand why any future settlement of territorial disputes should be more permanent. A potentate who publicly announces his hatred of the Treaties of Vienna will be ready to express a similar feeling whenever an international compact forms an obstacle to his policy for the time, or to the aggrandizement of his country.

If it be true that the Conference will consider the questions of Venetia, of the Elbe Duchies, and of German Federal Reform, it must be supposed that Austria has begun to contemplate the possibility of making large concessions to Italy. That such a result should follow the quarrel about Schleswig and Holstein, and the levy of 700,000 men, would be in the highest degree surprising. Venetia might have been yielded with a better grace any time within the last six years; nor could the sacrifice in any degree tend to settle or to simplify the earlier dispute with Prussia. It would be better to treat directly with Italy than to invite an arbitration; unless, indeed, the Great Powers are to award a territorial compensation in some more convenient quarter. The Danubian Principalities, which have recently elected a Prussian prince as their Sovereign, have often been destined by rumour to the purpose of counterbalancing the loss of Venetia; but Russia would almost certainly oppose an arrangement which would give a rival Power absolute control of the mouth of the Danube; nor is it possible that, after the recent discussions on the government of the provinces, the Conference could arbitrarily dispose of a population of four millions, which has not only rights of its own, but legal relations with Turkey. Another conjecture has suggested Silesia as the price of Venice on the one side, and of Schleswig and Holstein on the other. But it may be confidently asserted that no Prussian King or Minister will venture to propose the abandonment of the most valued conquest of FREDERICK THE GREAT. The Germans of Silesia, too, stand higher in the scale of nations than the mongrel inhabitants of the Lower Danube, and it would be almost impossible to transfer their allegiance without consulting their wishes. If the Conference recommences the work of NAPOLEON I. and of the Congress of Vienna by treating provinces as subjects of diplomatic barter, all honest politicians will hope

that their efforts may end in ignominious failure. In the meantime, the presence of an English plenipotentiary at the Conference will cause a certain amount of suspicion and anxiety.

Two years ago, Austria and Prussia, having then the entire Confederation at their back, scornfully rejected the interference of England on the question of Schleswig and Holstein. Having afterwards completed the conquest of the Duchies, they professed to hold them by an unencumbered title; and it is strange that, because they have quarrelled over the booty, they should now invite or accept foreign arbitration. If it were possible to submit the dispute to the judgment of a statesmanlike and perfectly disinterested umpire, he would probably recommend the incorporation of the provinces in the Prussian monarchy. The object would not be the attainment of poetic justice, but the conclusion of an arrangement which would ultimately be best for the people of the Duchies, for Germany, and for Europe. A more plausible plan would be to consult the representatives of the Duchies, and to yield to their wishes if they insisted on provincial independence and on the hereditary claims of the House of AUGUSTENBURG. A Conference is not likely to adopt the largest and most durable policy; and perhaps, in the hope of conciliating ill-informed opinion and of weakening Prussia and Germany, the neutral plenipotentiaries will blunder into the creation of another insignificant State. If Prussia accepts such a settlement, it will be evident that, as in 1850, the Government has at the last moment been frightened by the armaments of Austria, and perhaps by the demeanour of the secondary Governments. A measure which tended to perpetuate German divisions would almost compensate M. THIERS and the French Liberals for the annexation of Venetia to the kingdom of which it naturally forms a part; yet it must be confessed that, if the Congress realizes the hopes of its advocates, it will have done irreparable injury to the cause of national independence and of European peace.

If the Germans choose to allow a coterie of alien statesmen to dictate to them the constitution of their own Federal League, no foreigner has the right to interfere except by the expression of an astonishment but little tempered by respect. England has as much moral right to declare for or against a German Parliament, as the Diet of Frankfort to express an opinion on the Ministerial Bill for the redistribution of seats in England and Scotland. An English plenipotentiary would, however, have no oblique or corrupt motive, although his attempts to promote or impede German unity might fairly be repelled as impertinent. The participation of France in the controversy bears an entirely different aspect. The Emperor NAPOLEON will consent to tighten the bonds of German Federalism, or to recognise the supremacy of Prussia, only on condition of a fine to be paid to France for the aggrandizement of an independent neighbour. It is absurd to argue that the balance of power would be disturbed by the organization of a great central Federation. The Germans are not bound to remain helpless and divided because France or Russia might become relatively less powerful for mischief. Their honour, however, and their national unity are in their own keeping, and it is impossible to prevent them from submitting, if they so choose, to the grossest usurpation of authority. With three or four apparently impracticable tasks to accomplish, the Conference will meet under doubtful auspices. A week ago Lord CLARENDON told the House of Lords that the conversations which had been held on the subject of a possible pacification were not sufficiently serious or substantial to deserve the title of negotiations. He had previously intimated in the plainest language his conviction that, in desiring peace, England stood alone in Europe. There is little reason to suppose that his opinions have been changed by the project of a Conference. The scheme is proposed by a monarch who has for months carefully abstained from using his influence to prevent the impending war. His recent proclamation to his countrymen was universally understood as a menace to the general peace; and the only practical consequence which is expected to follow from the Conference is the annexation of some border territory to France. It would perhaps not have been justifiable to refuse the concurrence of England in a scheme which purported to postpone or avert a formidable war; but there is too much reason to fear that the parties to the Conference may become entangled with engagements which can neither be performed in accordance with prudence and justice, nor repudiated with honour. If Prussia, Austria, and Italy really desire peace, they can lay down their arms without the aid of any Congress.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

A PATIENT, after a sharp attack of delirium, cannot be expected to recover his tone in a day, and it is not surprising that a strong feeling of uneasiness should prevail in the City after the financial debauch which preceded the spasmodic reaction of the late panic. As was anticipated, large demands for accommodation have been made on the Bank of England, more in consequence of the suspended activity of rival establishments than of extreme necessity on the part of the trading community. The comparatively high rate of 10 per cent. has been cheerfully paid, as any other rate would have been, by applicants who found that almost every monetary stream except the perennial well of Threadneedle Street was for the moment dried up. But as yet the symptoms of distress in the commercial, as distinguished from the banking, financial, and speculative world, have been less serious than might have been expected. The Bank of England has struggled with apparent success to avoid an actual infringement of the law which has been practically relaxed, and, unless the threatenings of a foreign drain should become more formidable than they are at present, it may be hoped that no excess of the legal issue of notes will be found necessary. It was the absence of any visible tendency to adverse exchanges, at the time when the Ministerial letter was written, that deprived that measure of its most serious dangers; but if there should be any permanent reason for the outflow of bullion which has made itself perceptible in the last week, it will not be right or possible to keep the price of discount down even to its present amount. It is not, however, certain that the balance of trade is really at this moment against us. Two causes have been assigned for the symptoms that have recently appeared which are probably sufficient to deprive them of their threatening character. In the first place, the panic, though its violence has subsided, has left a vast amount of doubt and suspicion on the security even of what is ordinarily considered first-class paper. The consequence has been that remittances abroad have been to some extent made in the safer form of bullion. It seems also to be pretty well established that an amount of ignorance prevails, in France and elsewhere, as to our monetary regulations, which has fostered the alarm that an English monetary crisis cannot fail to excite among foreign merchants. It might be thought scarcely credible that men of business, in France and other commercial countries, should imagine any analogy between the permission to disregard Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Act and the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England. But the mere juxtaposition of the words "Bank" and "suspension" is enough to excite alarm in the timorous minds of half-informed traders. If a Frenchman had been told that all that had happened was that Mr. GLADSTONE had recommended the Bank, as a temporary expedient, to conduct their business (if necessary) on the same principles on which the Bank of France acts every day of the year, and had been further informed that the Bank of England had not yet found it necessary to avail itself of this special license, he would scarcely associate the notion of general insolvency with the prospective possible suspension of the Act of 1844. But even commercial Frenchmen appear to be hazy in their ideas of English affairs, and the curious circular which our Government has issued was no doubt called for by a prevalent delusion in France and other countries. The effect of this exaggerated alarm could not but be to produce a temporary drain of bullion; but, if the causes are not more substantial than those we have noticed, we may assume that they will not long continue to operate adversely. The only real danger of a permitted, or even of an actual, violation of the restrictions of the Bank Act of 1844 is the possibility of an embarrassing foreign drain of bullion, and it is by no means certain that there is any serious risk at present of such a contingency.

That the crisis has led to the stoppage of several Companies and firms is no more than might have been expected, and in some cases we might almost say desired. A check has been given to fast operations which will be very beneficial if the recovery should not be so rapid as to efface the memory of the lesson which the crisis ought to teach. There is as yet no reason to suppose that any bank has failed except from its own transgressions, and the losses of the last fortnight will be a real gain to the community if they teach the managers of establishments of this kind to keep within the limits of legitimate business. Using the term "banking" in its largest sense, so as to include all simply money-dealing transactions, the crisis was almost exclusively a banking crisis. It came at last more suddenly than had been anticipated, but the causes which led to it were essentially different from those which

operated on similar occasions before, and, though less universal, they involved perhaps more danger than the railway mania which collapsed in 1847, or the trading expansion the reaction of which was felt in 1857. A certain amount of commercial rashness has no doubt existed, which may meet its retribution in the consequences of the crisis; but what has really disturbed the course of trade is the abuse, on the part of some of the great money-dealing firms and Companies, of the privileges which their position gave them.

Suggestions have not been wanting, on this as on former occasions, that the recurrence of similar disasters may be prevented by appropriate legislation. It is said that the embarrassments which culminated in the recent panic are in great measure traceable to the concoction of an unreasonable number of Companies, and especially of Companies formed for the express purpose of aiding the creation of a still further supply of irresponsible corporations. It is insisted, moreover, that the stimulus to this excessive development of the trade of promotion was given by the legislation of 1856 and subsequent years, which removed almost all the previously existing restrictions on the formation of Companies, and allowed any seven shareholders to constitute themselves a corporation, with the usual incident of limited liability. That these representations are in the main correct will not be denied; but the inference which some have been anxious to draw—that the law of Companies, especially with reference to the limit of liability, might be altered with advantage—is by no means obvious. Apart from the consideration that retrograde steps from freedom to restriction are seldom feasible, it should be borne in mind that nothing has occurred that was not foreseen. When the Act of 1856 was passed, the opponents of the principle of limited liability pointed out the incidental abuses which might be feared, and a protest by Lord OVERSTONE and Lord MONTEAGLE stated the case with an almost prophetic exactness. The Legislature never professed to doubt the possibility of excessive speculation, but took the broader ground that it is futile to force caution on the community, and that the true policy is to allow the utmost measure of freedom, and leave the commercial world to give to Limited or other Companies just so much credit as they may deserve. There is nothing in what has recently occurred to impugn the wisdom of this decision, although there is much to show extreme rashness on the part of those who have embarked in, or dealt with, speculative Companies. But it is remarkable that the firms which have suspended are not generally those in which the privilege of limiting liability has been most freely used. A list of them would include private partnerships like HALLETT and OMMANNEY, unlimited joint-stock Companies like the Bank of London, and partially limited Companies like OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co.—that is, Companies in which the liability is limited to the amount of the shares, but where a very large margin of uncalled capital leaves the shareholders practically in the same position as if their liability were unlimited. The way in which recent legislation is chargeable with the crisis is rather by the indirect stimulus caused by the acquisition of unaccustomed freedom than by any direct consequences of the principle of limited liability. There is no doubt that every removal of previous restrictions does in the first instance produce an unwholesome excitement. Thus the crisis of 1825 was due in great measure to the legislative facilities under which the warehousing system was developed. Again, in 1837, we had a banking panic following upon the removal of old restrictions upon banking business. The system of private legislation as applied to railways led to the mania of 1845 and the consequent collapse; and in the same sense and to the same extent the Company legislation of the last ten years may be regarded as one of the causes of our most recent disturbance. It would seem as if the community never could learn how to use new privileges until after having once tried how far they could abuse them. In former cases, the mischief has not repeated itself; the lesson has not been in vain; and we may hope that limited liability also will in future be used with more prudence as well on the part of those who take shares as of those who give credit to trading, and especially to Banking and Financial Companies. It is by having common sense, rather than by asking for fresh legislation, that the City will keep itself safe. You cannot make merchants or bankers or shareholders wise by Act of Parliament, and, as a general rule, the more you restrict their action the less healthy becomes the tone of monetary affairs.

The most serious aspect of late events, however, is something quite independent of legislation on limited liability or any other subject. OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co. did not stop because they were converted into a Limited Company, and it

would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that they were turned into a Limited Company because the firm had become entangled in a class of transactions which no bank or discount-house can touch without peril, not only to itself, but to the whole system of commercial credit. Bills of exchange are instruments that can be abused as easily as anything else; but nevertheless it is always possible for a bank or a discount-house to keep itself absolutely safe, not, indeed, against loss, but certainly against ruin or suspension. If speculative Companies must exist for the convenience of gentlemen of a gambling disposition, by all means be it so; but the substantial commercial business of the world ought not to be made a lottery, by being mixed up with transactions of a wholly different character. The machinery of credit cannot work without banks and discount-houses altogether above suspicion, and this essential condition of stability cannot be secured unless banking establishments confine themselves to dealing in legitimate commercial paper, and abstain from locking up their funds in inconvertible securities. Offences against the first rules of banking have been committed by private firms as well as by Joint-Stock and Limited Companies; but the temptation to indulge in ventures that promise unusual profits is mainly due to the system introduced by the Banking Companies, and now almost universal, of allowing interest on deposits to within a very small margin of the Bank rate. When a bank holds ten or twenty millions of deposits procured on such terms as these, it is impossible for it to retain as large a reserve as was thought right and necessary in the good old times of private banking; but if a very large proportion of the deposits must be invested, there is the greater reason for making such investments only as can be converted into cash at the shortest notice. This rule has been transgressed by all the houses which have come to trouble, and unless it is more faithfully observed in future, no prudence on the part of merchants, nor any amount of legislative wisdom, can save the commercial machine from running periodically out of gear. If all the more important banks and discount-houses would but content themselves with legitimate banking and discounting, the occasional destruction of a Financial Association would be as powerless to disturb the even course of commerce as the default of a bookmaker after the Derby or the Leger.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF GERMANY.

THE preparations for war are being carried out, both in Germany and in Italy, upon a scale that bids fair to tax to the utmost the resources of all the parties to the quarrel. If the foreign intelligence that reaches this country be at all accurate, the numerical strength of Austria overshadows greatly that of either of the other chief combatants. The sum total of the Austrian troops who will shortly be under arms is vaguely put by newspaper correspondents at between 800,000 and 900,000 men. A quarter probably of these consists of raw levies; but the complete force of Austria, when placed upon a war footing, has always of late years been estimated at not much less than 650,000. Deducting 200,000 for fortress and garrison duty, 450,000 of all branches of the service would still remain to be employed in active military operations. Considering the character of Austrian troops, this is a formidable force. The provincial divisions of the Empire are a source rather of political than of military weakness. In a conflict with North Germany, it is no disadvantage to the Austrians that three-fourths of their troops belong to non-German nationalities; and, though dependence cannot be placed on the fidelity of the Italian regiments, the total of Italians serving under the Austrian flag can scarcely amount to more than some 20,000. The mass of the other non-German troops are probably profoundly indifferent to the political *pros* and *cons* of either the German or the Italian question, and look forward to war with the noble avidity that characterizes the ages of chivalry and of barbarism alike. Even of the German soldiers who serve the Austrian Empire a large proportion have their homes in Hungary and the non-German provinces. It will be easy, by judicious management, to distribute the entire body in such a way as to render the chances of any wholesale disaffection remote in the extreme.

Including the Landwehr, the entire complement of Prussia will hardly at present overpass the limit of 550,000 men; and of these, at the utmost calculation, 300,000 only must be considered as effectives. In all likelihood the effective number would be still smaller, and should Austria feel able to take the field in the North with 250,000 troops, she will not run any serious danger of being overmatched. Prussian artillery is said to be in all

respects most admirable, and the Prussian line place much confidence in the celebrated needle-gun. But it remains to be seen whether the Landwehr system can be depended upon in a somewhat unpopular and domestic German quarrel. Against a foreign invader the Landwehr might be a great military institution; but M. BISMARCK is at present forcing the peaceful population of the Prussian kingdom to sacrifice their employments and risk their lives in a war which they regard as wanton and fratricidal. The Prussian troops will sicken of the waste of blood and treasure long before the Slaves and the Magyars against whom they will be pitted; and they will be tempted to reflect that the wholesale slaughter of German citizens is scarcely compensated by the death of many thousand Croats, Dalmatians, and Ruthenes. The one thing wanted to fire the Prussian army with enthusiasm a few wild journalists and politicians at Vienna seem anxious to supply. If Austria sets before herself the great ambition of exterminating Prussia, she will find the Prussian Landwehr not merely formidable but invincible.

Not more than 200,000 Austrian soldiers can be spared for operations in Venetia, but it is doubtful whether the Italians will be able to enter on a campaign with much more than this themselves. The complete Italian force is at present nearly 430,000, including the reserves; but this figure ought probably to be diminished by 100,000, to allow for the rawest and most untrained material. At the very smallest computation, 50,000 more will have to be detached to watch the Papal frontier and the Neapolitan banditti; and the remainder are at the present moment concentrating in front of the Austrian frontier. Against such an army the Quadrilateral may perhaps be secure; but if the Italian navy, which is thought both in ships and in guns to be more than a match for the Austrians, takes Venice at the outset of the war, further operations may be undertaken with success in other directions. The value of the twenty battalions of Garibaldian volunteers will require to be tested before it is taken into consideration. It will depend in no small degree upon the work that is assigned to them; and provided they steer clear of General BENEDEK, stone walls, and regular troops, they may be employed usefully in irregular expeditions. The 30,000 French soldiers who are stationed in the vicinity of the Maritime Alps will perhaps serve a purpose, even if they are destined merely to be spectators of the campaign from a safe distance. They will remind Austria of the wisdom and economy of remaining as far as possible on the defensive, and of being contented with something less than the capture of Milan or Bologna. It will not be worth while to expend men and money on conquering territory which she would never be permitted under any circumstances to retain.

When the principal combatants are so fairly balanced, it is natural that each should scan with anxiety the attitude and disposition of the German middle Powers. The army of the Bund, like the Prussian Landwehr, was originally designed to provide against foreign aggression rather than to take part in an intestine German conflict between Austria and Prussia. At the first cannon-shot it would probably dissolve into its component elements, unless indeed the whole of the middle States preserve a wise neutrality, and confine themselves to occupying in force positions and fortresses that are certain never to be attacked. Should the whole of Germany be ultimately drawn into the dispute, the forces of individual States would add themselves to the army of the belligerent whose ambition they most favoured. If the vote on the Saxon motion is to be taken as any test at all of which side the independent Powers would espouse, Austria may reckon on some accession of strength. The Saxon contingent in any case may be regarded as the *avant garde* of the Austrian army, and would contribute between 20,000 and 30,000 effective men, with eight or ten batteries of artillery. If Bavaria is resolved to engage in the fray, she will count for some 50,000 to 70,000 more, exclusive of the Reserve and the Landwehr. But the sympathies of Bavaria are divided. Most of the Southern Courts of Germany are accustomed to look up to the Austrian reigning family, but the Bavarians (with the exception of the population of the South-Eastern district) entertain at heart a not unnatural suspicion that Austria hankers after Bavaria as ANAB after NABOTH's vineyard, with a covetous and greedy eye. The Bavarians are growing every day less inclined to share in the costly sacrifices of a war that can bring them but little benefit. Wurtemberg, the population of which is suffering by the present interruption of tranquillity and manufacture, for which it holds M. BISMARCK responsible, can reckon up some 20,000 troops. The Hanoverian contingent is stronger, and the Hanoverian cavalry are probably the best-mounted little force of the size in Germany;

but, in spite of her vote upon the Saxon motion and her traditional friendship for Austria, Hanover has during the last week been frightened by M. BISMARCK into a promise of neutrality. Baden and Hesse Darmstadt together might furnish a force of from 20,000 to 25,000, and, if they fight at all, notwithstanding the family ties of the Baden Court, they will doubtless fight for Austria; while Prince ALEXANDER of Darmstadt has received high military command in the Austrian service. These are the principal of the German contingents, and Prussia can hope at best for their neutrality, and, if she looks for active aid, must fall back on military allies of less importance, and trust to make the most of the military talent of the Mecklenburg reigning families. But the neutrality of several of the larger States, though by no means assured, grows every day more possible; for the whole of the industrious German population is beginning to rebel against the prospect of idle and wasteful bloodshed. Germans move slowly, but large masses of Germans are setting their faces in the direction of peace; and if some of the middle States embark in hostilities at all, it will be because, at the risk even of revolution, their Governments are determined to drag them in. In the South of Germany especially, the popular sentiment is a mixed one. M. BISMARCK and Prussia are detested for bringing Germany to the brink of war, but war itself and its contingent horrors are detested even more than Prussia and M. BISMARCK. Saxony and the Prussian province of Silesia in particular share the gloomy conviction that they are doomed to be the chief battle-fields in the coming conflict, and would gladly welcome the prospect of peace.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

IMMEDIATELY before the recess, Mr. WATKIN made an elaborate attack on the Government for alleged neglect of the public interest in the matter of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty. Although the question is important, it excites little interest in England, and it was only by an ingenious fiction that it could be brought within the range of Parliamentary discussion. It is but fair to Mr. WATKIN to assume that he could scarcely be in earnest in his charges against his own Government. The treaty was terminated by the American Congress in the ungenerous and impolitic exercise of an undoubted right, and remonstrance would only have given additional zest to the triumph of the Protectionists and of the miscellaneous enemies of England. It was not worth while for the House of Commons to express an opinion in the absence of any opportunity of action; but, if the subject required notice, notorious facts might as well have been accurately stated. Mr. WATKIN, however, thought it expedient to employ Lord RUSSELL as a whipping-boy, in the hope of conveying an impressive lesson to the real delinquent on the other side of the Atlantic. According to all experience, vicarious punishment is inoperative on the offender, as it is obviously unjust to the sufferer, and the politicians who succeeded in abolishing the treaty will bear with perfect equanimity Mr. WATKIN's reflected censures. The disadvantages which may accrue to England and Canada from the interruption of commercial intercourse are valued by them almost as cordially as the iniquitous profits which are secured to American manufacturers and lumberers. If the Canadians have sufficient firmness to bear the inconvenience which falls to their own share, the interests of the North-Western States and the beneficent irregularities of the smuggler may perhaps gradually lead to wiser legislation. The impudent prophecy of the American Consul at Montreal, that the colonies would be starved into annexation to the Union, tended to defeat itself; and the not less extravagant proposal that Canada should adopt the Federal tariff will be unhesitatingly rejected by the maritime provinces. It is not desirable that the Imperial Government should take a prominent part in the controversy. The Canadians ought to have no excuse for suspecting that they are sacrificed to the commercial interests of England, and the cynical bluntness of American cupidity may be left to produce its natural effect. The party in the colonies which formerly promoted annexation has already been converted or reduced to silence.

There is no reason to suppose that Lord RUSSELL or Sir FREDERICK BRUCE omitted any practicable overture which might have led to the continuance of the treaty. As Mr. LAYARD truly said, there was no object in commencing negotiations for the purpose of leaving things as they were. Until the last year of the civil war, there was no indication that the treaty would be terminated; and when New England saw an opening for making money by the popular irritation, discussion was too late. Mr. SEWARD was prepared with

an unusually reasonable answer to all the representations of the English Minister. As the Constitution had conferred the control of commercial arrangements on Congress, the State Department was formally, and perhaps really, helpless to avert the impending decision; and the PRESIDENT could only obey the requisition of the Senate and the House of Representatives, by giving six months' notice of the determination of the treaty. It was not even necessary that the Secretary of State should form or express an opinion of his own; but it may have been from a sincere desire to effect an arrangement that Mr. SEWARD recommended the appointment of a Canadian deputation to confer with the Committees of the Legislature. Mr. GALT and his colleagues were probably aware, through the language of the American press as well as from the speeches in Congress, that their mission to Washington would be almost certainly abortive. Except by concessions which would have rendered Canada a commercial and financial dependency of the United States, the delegates found it impossible to purchase friendliness or delay. Their efforts had, however, not been wasted, as they were enabled to satisfy their countrymen that the interruption of commercial relations was in no degree the fault either of the Colonial or of the Imperial Government. The most enlightened Canadian statesmen found, in the termination of the treaty, a new argument for the suspended project of confederation. As any future negotiation must be practically conducted by the colonists themselves, a great political community will be able to treat with more advantage than a mere cluster of isolated provinces. The amiable offer of the Fenian conspirators to assist any separate colony in resisting confederation will not offer any serious impediment to the completion of the scheme. The objections of one or two of the provinces have, however, not yet been fully overcome.

Mr. WATKIN affected to blame the Foreign Office for the despatch of a powerful Federal squadron to the colonial fishing-grounds. It certainly appears that an iron-clad vessel is not required for purposes of police; but a strong naval demonstration may perhaps be intended to gratify national complacency, rather than to menace a possible antagonist. The American Government has some sensible officers in its service, although it often entrusts squadrons to commanders of an entirely opposite character. The despatch of Commodore RODGERS from Valparaiso, with its dull sophisms and its wanton bluster, reminds anxious observers of the legal disquisition by which Captain WILKES attempted to justify his outrage upon the *Trent*. A RODGERS at the fisheries might argue that all nations are equally entitled to procure a wholesome article of food, notwithstanding arbitrary distinctions of sovereign rights, and in spite of the provisions of treaties. It may be hoped, however, that the Federal Government has exercised a wiser choice in the appointment of a commander in the colonial waters. The rudeness of journalists and of orators in Congress must be endured as an inevitable evil; but it would be desirable that a gentleman should, if possible, be appointed to the command of the fleet. Even in the United States some political writers have displayed unusual independence by contending that the English interpretation of the compact of 1818 is substantially correct. The Convention excludes American fishermen from waters within three miles of the coasts, bays, and headlands; and it can scarcely have been intended that the English territory should be bounded by a curve running parallel to the indentations of the shore. The Americans themselves would not be inclined to allow foreigners to enjoy the independence of the high seas in the various bays which penetrate their own three thousand miles of coast. As to the inland seas which happen to be described by geographers as bays, there is no real dispute. The English Government is ready to acknowledge the right of the American fishermen in all waters which are naturally beyond the reach of territorial jurisdiction.

It is barely possible that Mr. WATKIN may have sincerely believed in the universal efficacy of diplomatic communications. In private affairs, discussion is used rather for the purpose of ascertaining the intentions of different parties than in the hope of convincing and persuading opponents, and when Governments negotiate they are for the most part equally impenetrable to argument. The Americans were perfectly aware that both England and Canada desired the continuance of the treaty, and that any reasonable proposal for the modification of its provisions would have been fairly considered. The course which they had deliberately rejected, under the influence of passion or of mistaken views of their own interest, would certainly not have been adopted to please the English Cabinet, although Sir FREDERICK BRUCE had spoken with the tongues of men and angels. Mr. MORRILL's vulgar boast, that the

English colonies would be conquered if American fishermen were disturbed, accurately represents the popular belief that it would be possible to retain the advantages of a cancelled bargain. It will be the duty of the English Government to prevent, even at the risk of war, any lawless encroachment on colonial rights. It is unfortunate that the interests of American fishermen and shipowners should be injured by the consequences of selfish and crooked legislation; but those who suffer loss must look to their own Government for compensation, and, if necessary, they must be taught to respect the laws of national property. If the law of the fisheries is firmly enforced, Maine and Massachusetts will soon be enlisted among the warmest advocates of reciprocity. The diplomacy which has no need of evaporating in words is always the most effective. As it has been said that every man with five shillings in his pocket is, to the extent of his means, master of some other man, a State which has a boon to concede possesses immediate or contingent influence over a neighbour who would benefit by the concession. Precipitate liberality sacrifices a legitimate instrument, and weak timidity renders every possession worthless. The fisheries, under firm and judicious management, may yet serve as a lever to replace the relations between the United States and Canada in their natural position.

THE FENIANS.

THE arrival of the escaped Head Centre in the United States has given a fillip to a cause which had begun to languish from inanition. It is only consonant with the usual shrewdness of Irish tactics to convert a signal failure into an augury of prospective success. STEPHENS begins his new administrative career by upbraiding his followers for planning raids into Canada when they ought to have kept their eyes fixed on the invasion of Ireland. The preference of the remote and the difficult to the comparatively near and easy campaign is not on all occasions a burlesque of courageous adventure. But, to be worth more than common "tall talk" in warning the spirits of a party or winning the respect of lookers-on, it must be in keeping with an uniform line of conduct. Now, up to this moment there has been only very little done which could stimulate the spirit of the Fenians, or rouse the sympathies of Americans, beyond, perhaps, a temporary "scare" given to the Canadians. After all, the recent fiasco of the projected Fenian invasion will probably have excited as little surprise, perhaps as little congratulation, in Canada as it has in England. The same reasons will explain the equanimity both of the Canadians and of ourselves. They may not, after the first menace, have entertained a high notion of the magnitude of the preparations or of the vigour of the invaders, and they may have looked on failure as the inevitable upshot of a wanton and ill-devised aggression. There is one point, however, on which both their minds and ours have experienced a considerable, if not a complete, relief. It was at one time feared that the Fenian filibusters might receive from the Government of the United States an encouragement, more or less direct, according to the likelihood of their success and their ability to damage us. But the failure of the mock squadron at Eastport, and the unmistakable action of General MEADE on the Colonial frontier, followed by the loud and angry squabbles of the baffled conspirators, have demonstrated that not even the opportunity of striking a severe side-blow at England will induce the Government of the United States to diverge from the ordinary good faith of international intercourse.

We do not, of course, mean that, so long as the two countries professed to remain on terms of peace, a Fenian armament could have openly invaded British territory with the avowed aid of the American Government. But, although overt co-operation would have been irreconcilable even with the laxest interpretation of international law, it was not beyond the bounds either of speculation or of precedent that connivance might be given to an enterprise which it was out of the question to support openly. The events at Eastport, however, have falsified a suspicion which was quite as unjust to the common sense as to the good faith of the Americans. We ought not perhaps to accept their active interference to check a criminal aggression so much as a proof of goodwill to us as of contempt for our vagrant enemies. Indeed, active goodwill is scarcely to be expected from the Government of the United States for some time to come, because it is very far from being the strongest feeling just now entertained by the mass of the American people towards us. Both of them, people and Government, too honestly believe themselves to have been seriously injured by us to be very demon-

strative in their good offices. To this day they have never succeeded in explaining to themselves how our neutrality towards North and South could be anything but hostility to the North, or how the Government of any country could be actually neutral while its educated classes and its more popular newspapers were friendly to one of the belligerents. In America, the sympathies of general society and the dominant tone of the popular press would, in corresponding circumstances, have induced the Government and Congress to side with that section which had won their sympathies. The sympathy of an important division of the English people was unmistakable enough; but that it had not the slightest influence on the action of the English Government is too inconsiderable a fact to have any weight on the impulsive opinions of American citizens. It may therefore be accepted as a proof of political moderation that they have not coerced the PRESIDENT'S Government into a collusive support of Fenian purposes. One almost certain gain would have resulted from such a policy; the PRESIDENT would have secured for some length of time the undivided advantage of the Irish vote. But even gold may be bought too dearly, and the glitter of Irish partisanship certainly is not gold, and that of Irish enterprise still less so. Whatever credit may be due to the astuteness which from the hard-earned dollars of the waiters and chambermaids of Boston and New York coaxes subscriptions to the debentures of the unborn Irish Republic, the corresponding credulity which submits to it is sufficient to warn American caution against too hasty a fusion with Irish projects and parties. It is not, indeed, a demerit to inspire that profound confidence which vents itself in offerings of wages and perquisites; but to have received these, and done nothing for them, is but a blank encouragement to the sympathies of a foreign Power.

We say "to have done nothing for them"; but the Fenians have done worse than nothing. Had they but got one half-rotten gun-boat across the Atlantic, or fairly shown one infantry regiment, accoutred and equipped, marching through Kerry or Cork, this would certainly have been something of an inducement to an unfriendly Government to give them support and encouragement. But so far from achieving even this, their whole career has been a burlesque of sedition and hostility. In Ireland they have been hunted up and hunted down by the police, their letters read, their secrets revealed, their leaders put in prison. The only two exceptions in their favour have been the escape of STEPHENS from capture, and the assassination of two or three policemen and informers. But, though it is doubtless a clever thing to break prison, and though STEPHENS'S plans were ingeniously laid, that feat of itself could hardly be a sufficient recommendation to the notice of the United States or any other Government. Nor is the assassination of loyal policemen, however congenial it may be to the temperament of New York rowdiness, exactly the most valuable introduction to the alliance of the PRESIDENT and his Ministers. Other achievements they have none. Their whole career in Ireland has only proved—what everybody knew before—how ill Irishmen succeed in their own country. Their whole career in America has disproved a belief equally popular that they always succeed out of their own country. They have succeeded in their efforts to cajole waiting men and waiting women of their own race at boarding-houses and hotels; but beyond this, they have done nothing but quarrel with one another over the money extracted from their dupes, denounce one another as traitors, and threaten war against their respective chiefs with a greater vigour than they have shown in carrying war into Canada. Nor has the impudent mendacity which at first succeeded in filling their treasury continued to fructify. The bonds of the Irish Republic are at an enormous discount. No other symptom than this was required to alienate sensible people from a scheme the only recommendation of which consisted in a combination of lucre and mischief. So long as the money flowed in there might be hopes of something being done which might cause great losses in Canada and some irritation in England; but American sympathy is far too wary to embark in a cause the leaders and partisans of which cannot keep the pot boiling, and have not even the common craft of retaining money which they have once made, even when they can make no more. Unless, therefore, the Republican party should have some new grievance against England, which will impel them to inflict a wound in any part and at any cost, it is extremely unlikely that they will allow the covert support of their Government to be pledged on the security of the Irish vote. Few more discreditable things could be imagined even by the most hardened politician than to march in the rear of a regiment of Irish filibusters. And there is no certainty that

the consideration for this alliance would ever be paid. The next Presidential election is still far ahead, and no one in or out of the States can venture to prophesy, even with an approach to truth, what new complications will arise between this time and that. But as it is one of the most likely things that the policy of the Republican party will continue to favour the elevation of the negroes, so it is one of the least likely things that this policy will ever find strenuous or sincere abettors among the Irish Fenians. If there is one thing in the world that an Irishman in America hates—of course, after the British Government—it is the negro; and, as to being made use of for the purpose of putting the negro on a level with himself, there is as little chance of his deliberately consenting to this as there is of his refusing to promise his assent while any object is to be gained by the simple promise. The value of the promise is known to none better than to American politicians themselves.

The Americans are a practical people, and they like enterprises of a practical nature. Therefore there must be something peculiarly revolting to their tastes in the contemplation of Fenian acts and purposes. Here are several thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of men, who left their own country because they could not prosper in it, and who have settled in a country where every man may prosper who has strong thews and sinews, and will make good use of them. With industry, perseverance, concert, and thrift, the Irish immigrants might by this time have made themselves masters of a territory twice as big as all Ireland. Instead of this, they are hanging about the hotels, quays, and cab-stands of the large cities, doing the dirty work of all industries and of all factions. By this time they might have possessed a larger Meath in Michigan and a larger Leinster in Pennsylvania, and have had another Ireland all for the Irish in America. But, with all their love for the "ould country," they have not given the name of one Irish county or city to any noteworthy district or town in the whole of North America. They have done nothing for themselves beyond earning the reputation of being good enough to be used as tools, but not good enough to be prized as men. And now, after being foiled in their first attempt, they are talking tall talk about invading the country which they voluntarily left, in order to acquire one-tenth of the quantity of land that they could easily get of far better quality in the country of their adoption. It is not probable that American politicians will be tricked by "high-faluting" words into an admiration of what must strike them as only "ideas," and very childish ideas too. And even if they could otherwise be induced to help the Fenians in getting a perpetual lease of Irish soil without the incumbrance of rent, they would hesitate to aid a cause which must inevitably be wrecked by the dissensions of its leaders. Supposing MAHONY to have shaken hands with ROBERTS, and KILLIAN to have embraced them both, and STEPHENS to have embraced them all, on the eve of their chivalrous expedition, there would still be grounds for apprehension that, unless KILLIAN or ROBERTS or MAHONY were pitched overboard during the voyage, they would all be at each other's throats within twenty-four hours after landing, or that they would surrender STEPHENS to the first English man-of-war they met, if they were not previously sacrificed by STEPHENS for the preservation of his own quiet. A programme which contains possible contingencies of this kind is sufficient to repel the genuine sympathies of even the most anti-English politician in the States.

IMPARTIALITY.

THE power of forming a purely judicial judgment upon facts which come under our notice is allowed to be a rare one, and depends not only upon honesty and temper, but also upon training and education. The difficulty is to know what is the training, and what is the profession or occupation, that has this invaluable power at its command. Political opinions are too often affected by personal or family or class feeling of some sort or other to permit of our thinking that impartiality is to be found in politics. At the outset of his career the politician commits himself to a party or a cause, and such is the natural and insensible influence of the associations we form that henceforward he can scarcely help looking at anything, whether it be a small borough or a working-man, except through spectacles coloured blue or yellow as the case may be. In theological pursuits it is pretty much the same. Men are usually honest and sincere in their choice of a view or a party, but the view once embraced, or the party chosen, it is next to impossible to regard with serene impartiality the proceedings of one's friends or foes. Even the person who attains to the magnanimity of shaking hands

with an opponent across a table does not find it easy to take a dispassionate view of the opponent's facts or figures, still less of his theories. Philosophy, indeed, the object of which is the discovery of truth of some kind, seems as if it ought to be an exception to the universal rule. Yet the history of philosophy is the history of one-sided systems, each irreconcilable with all the rest, and only agreeing with each other to condemn eclecticism and scepticism as the most pernicious of all metaphysical creeds. *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas*, is a maxim which undoubtedly proceeds from the greatest of philosophers. But Cicero's view is oftener acted on and understood—"Errare malim cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire." Nor would it prove very much in favour of the impartiality of philosophy if we were to admit that philosophers, upon occasion, are willing enough to sacrifice a beloved friend for a still more beloved system. From philosophy we pass to law, and here at any rate it is thought that a field is to be discovered for the exercise of judicial qualities. Yet, if it be not a heresy to say so, the study of the law produces rather habits of accuracy than habits of impartiality. Inquiry into truth is certainly the object of all litigation, and it is the business of lawyers to form correct ideas of the law for the sake of the interests of their clients. But this only amounts to saying that it is a lawyer's business to know his business, just as it is a merchant's duty, apart from all excitement and prejudice, to have a clear view of the merits of a commercial speculation, and to know how his own affairs stand. Clearness and judgment are essential in all walks of life, and the test of the impartiality fostered by any particular one is not so much whether impartiality is indispensable for the purposes of the particular profession or the trade, as whether the profession or trade in question tends to cultivate generally a fair and equitable tone of mind. Considered under this aspect, there is a good deal to be said against the law. On the bench, where the chances of bias on the part of a judge, if not altogether eliminated, are at all events reduced to a minimum, we occasionally meet with this judicial virtue in a very noble form. But enter Parliament, and we shall find that lawyers are regarded as anything but models of impartiality. The evil odour in which they are held will never disappear till the custom ceases of bestowing the substantial dignities and prizes of the profession as a reward for Parliamentary services. But, besides this, it must be remembered that barristers are trained all their life long to be advocates. It is on all occasions their duty, like the Sophists of Plato, to be plausible, and the habit of advocating does not appear to be naturally connected with the habit of judging. In corroboration of this, lawyers tell us that a good advocate often turns into a very bad judge, when he rises to the Bench. He is prone to form a one-sided view, to show strong likes and dislikes towards the counsel engaged in the cause, and to argue as to the merits of the brief from the temper and character of the man who holds it. Lastly, a great advocate who has become a judge has contracted an unconquerable taste during his career for swaying and persuading the jury; and in cases of disputed fact he may frequently be seen to fling himself into the contest with all the ardour of a skilful partisan. It requires a great deal of mental culture and self-control to overcome these warlike instincts of the advocate. Many eminent men succeed, but some are found to fail; and, as a rule, except in the case of consummate genius, the fairest judges are made out of lawyers known rather for their sound learning than for their forensic power.

Though no profession can be said to teach impartiality, there can, on the other hand, be no question as to the importance of the virtue. From an intellectual point of view, no mind can be considered perfect which has not acquired it. The first use of the mind being to think clearly, and without colour or bias, a mind whose judgments are for ever warped by friendship, or old associations, or antipathies, either social or moral, is only half a mind. It is not a pure machine, and does not manufacture pure and genuine thought. This mental value of impartiality is clearly distinguishable from the moral. It may not be necessary in all the actions of life to conduct ourselves logically, or to stand neutral whenever we are unconvinced by argument on the merits of the case. But it is essential at any rate to preserve our critical judgment clear and unimpaired, whatever weight we may think fit in practice to allow to other than merely intellectual considerations. In politics, for example, it is sometimes for the benefit of the State that men should act and vote with their colleagues on minor matters, even if they think their colleagues wrong. There is of course a limit to be carefully observed in carrying out such a principle, but no common action in politics would be possible if individuals were never willing to make little compromises and sacrifices to those with whom they are associated. But though it may be wise upon exceptional occasions to waive one's opinion, it is equally important to know precisely what one's opinion is, and how much we are sacrificing in consenting not to enforce it. Those who traffic and tamper with their powers of independent criticism soon fall into the degraded position of violent and thorough-going partisans. Instead of merely being willing at proper times to act with their party, they corrupt their minds by teaching themselves to think their party always in the right. In theological questions the same distinction ought not to be forgotten. A man is not always bound to express, still less to attempt to propagate, a view, the time for propagating which may not have yet arrived, or perhaps may not ever arrive at all. But he is bound for the sake of his own mind to form his private conclusions logically, and not to conceal from himself what those conclusions are. As far as the mind is concerned, there are no limits or exceptions to the rule that we should think impartially.

Whether there are limits to the rule that we should act and speak with an impartiality as absolute may be a different and a less easily settled point. Literary criticism is perhaps an instance of the difficulties that present themselves in practice to those who wish to be impartial. Let us suppose that it is the duty of a writer to express his views in print on the literary value of a friend's book. It is almost impossible for him to approach the task in the same spirit of impartial judgment which he would bring to bear upon the consideration of the work of a perfect stranger. About the stranger he knows absolutely nothing, except that his novel or his poem has glaring or palpable defects. His knowledge, on the other hand, of his friend enables him to look more favourably on similar faults. He understands better the good points that lie hidden underneath, and can detect beauties where a casual and cold observer would not notice anything. Thus his familiar insight into the man enables him to form a kinder and perhaps a truer opinion of the writing, and supplies a sort of key to what would otherwise be unintelligible. A similar difficulty may present itself in the case of a great author with whom the critic has himself no personal acquaintance. Eminent authors often turn out bad books. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. But when the critic or the reviewer comes to discharge his functions, he cannot help feeling that the man who has just published an indifferent volume has bestowed upon us in his day a great many volumes that are anything but indifferent. Perhaps he is a writer who, though unequal, has given great and genuine pleasure to large numbers of his fellow-creatures. The dilemma is obvious. On the one side, strict justice seems to demand that a reviewer should be as inexorable as Rhadamanthus, and should fearlessly and impartially dissect and condemn what his judgment disapproves. On the other, he is unwilling to dwell on the frailties of a writer who has exhibited in his better days so many virtues, or to inflict pain on one who has been the source of so much enjoyment and gratification to the literary world. In both of these cases it is plain that a critic has a difficult part to play. Is it his duty to the public who trust him to inform them of his views, to give sentence as a judge? or may he, in the exercise of his discretion, temper judgment with mercy, and step lightly, with half-closed eyes, over demerits on which he does not wish to dilate? Bound as he is in honour to say nothing that is not the truth, is he as rigidly compelled in the court of conscience to say the whole truth? Or may he, as all men do in their different vocations, use his influence and power to give his friend a little lift, and bestow literary patronage by favour, within certain moderate limits, as Ministers of State bestow the patronage entrusted to them by the State upon their own friends, their own families, and their own constituents? The answer is not easy to give without appearing to declare war on the generous instincts of human nature; for reviewers and critics, like Ministers of State, are human. What the answer, however, should be in the case of a friend's work, cannot be long a matter of doubt. The critic occupies a post of trust. It is of paramount importance to literature that a man who takes on himself the position of confidential adviser to the literary world should not abuse it, and it would be an abuse of it to depart from the rigid line of literary impartiality. He is not bound to shut his eyes to what he knows privately, or to refuse to read what his friend has written by the light of his familiar knowledge of the author's character and tone of mind. In all cases it would be an advantage to know something about the man as well as about his work, and the fact that the critic does not always happen to have this advantage, is no reason why he should not use it when accident has put it in his way. But the wish to help an author because he chances to be a friend ought not to be permitted to weigh a single iota or feather in forming or pronouncing a deliberate opinion. And it is because minds, in spite of every effort, are, under such circumstances, liable to be warped, that a candid reviewer, unless he feels himself, from long habit, to be above all human weakness, will steadily decline the task of criticizing a friend's book at all. Once admit the principle that in literature a different sort of justice is to be meted out to friends and to foes, and no line can be drawn anywhere. There would soon be an end—as with many reviewers we see there can be an end—of all literary integrity. With respect to the peccadilloes of famous authors, the line need not be so definitely marked. But even here the object of all criticism should be considered as paramount. What a critic has to do in every case is to endeavour to assign to each literary production that comes before him its exact place and rank among other books. The critic who has a sense of this moral obligation, and who tries fairly in each instance to keep before his mind the great standards of literary excellence on which his critical taste has been trained, and by which all literary efforts should be judged, will not find it difficult to deal justly.

To be partial to one's friends is a temptation so natural that no walk of life can be said to be free from it. Guard against it as we may, it creeps in continually. The claims of friendship, like the influences of property and rank in this country, always will have a subtle influence upon us, and need not be given undue weight by our loudly proclaiming that they exist. The friends of a man who has an office or a post at his disposal already enjoy a vantage-ground of which nothing can deprive them. Their virtues are known to him, while the virtues and capacity of strangers can only be collected by laborious inquiry and at second-hand. The first thing in giving patronage is to be sure of those to whom we give it, and the security a man has about the acquirements of a friend is often more worth acting on than the report he has to take from others of the acquirements

of those with whom he is unacquainted. Friends therefore have a natural advantage. Like the poor, they are always with us. This is quite a sufficient advantage for them to possess, without any anxiety on our part to look sharply after their interests. As in literature, so in life, the golden rule is to remember the great end of every function, which is that it should be used, not as a perquisite, but as a sacred trust.

FRENCH NOVELS.

NOVELS have apparently become as indispensable stimulants to the mental organization of the modern world as tea or tobacco to the physical; and although, according to present appearances, our supply of home-grown novels shows no symptoms of exhaustion, we sometimes cannot help longing for a little more variety. The national vein is not worked out, but it must be admitted that the products have become rather monotonous. Just at present we get very few nuggets and a good deal of matter that can scarcely be called auriferous. The only tolerably prolific regions beyond our own shores are to be found in France. At least those who have ever deliberately read through a German novel are to be counted by units; and American novels, though some of them are not without merit, have scarcely founded a distinct national school. It is, therefore, worth considering what are the comparative merits of the French and English products. When tired of the conventional decencies of the English school, of the incessant variations upon two or three old stories, the plots whose incidents we can divine from the first page, and the characters upon which we can put a well-known label on their first appearance, it is pleasant to make an excursion into a completely new world; for, in fact, French novels differ from ours in so many respects that it is almost difficult to believe that they belong to a contemporary literature, and still more to a literature profoundly affected by, and reacting upon, our own. The common theory about French novels seems to be summed up in the assertion that they are books which ought not to run loose upon an English drawing-room table; which is undeniably true of a good many, but is not the most important truth. The fact that French writers are allowed a good many liberties from which their English rivals are debarred alters the external dressings of the story rather than its substance. When their heroes and heroines break through certain commandments which are observed more scrupulously in English novels than in English life, a very superficial alteration is often sufficient to reduce them within our conventional bounds. We can translate the morality as well as the language. The marriage ceremony occurs at a different part of the story, and the scenes may be made rather more dramatic by the consequent existence of an additional set of complications. But, except in those scandalous books which are rather a disgraceful excrescence upon French literature than a substantial part of it, this need not materially alter the nature of the interest. The characters may act upon much the same motives, though they avow them more frankly in one case than the other; and the reader who expects to find a new excitement may be righteously disappointed by discovering that, in the long run, immoral people can be quite as dull as the virtuous, to say nothing of his occasionally discovering also that people who are in a legal sense virtuous can make a very fair imitation of their less respectable neighbours. The characters in an English sensation novel who always stop just on the right side of the boundary are substantially the same as their French rivals who always just transgress it. When the eye has become accustomed to a more vivid style of colouring, it sees that the objects represented are much the same in reality, although they have lost the decent shade of obscurity in which our artists envelop them. We do not deny that, after making all allowances, there is still a substantial difference; but it is less than the apparent difference, and by the help of such modern devices as bigamy, our writers are beginning to evade, though not to break, their chains.

But if we cannot place our novels upon a much more elevated level of morality, they make a sufficiently wide contrast to those of our neighbours in other respects. The most obvious attraction of the French novel, when it does not rely upon illegitimate sources of excitement, is of course to be found in the superiority of its plot to our comparatively clumsy stories. It shows the national skill of construction in which our writers are so generally deficient. The way in which the various threads of the story are combined, without any loose ends or awkward knots, is altogether beyond the power of English artists, at least of the masculine gender. The rambling plots, which we charitably set down to the necessity of publishing in numbers, in Mr. Dickens's novels, or the complicated and laborious intricacies of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's, are clumsiness itself by the side of many second-rate French novels. Compared with such plots as those of Charles de Bernard, even our best work is like a schoolboy's scrawl beside an artist's drawing. This is, of course, only one manifestation of a contrast which runs through every department of art, from the dramatic poetry of the two nations down to their taste in dress. But, although admitting our neighbours' superiority, it is worth observing how much is sacrificed in this, as in some other instances, to obtain it. That part of the interest of a novel which depends upon the skilful complication and unravelling of a plot is, after all, the least intellectually valuable. Except in the hands of a great artist, it generally gives an impression of ingenious trickery rather than of imaginative power. It destroys the illusion of reality which it is

the special aim of a novelist to produce. The condition of really enjoying a novel is that we should have a kind of provisional belief in its historical truth; the very purpose of all the little details of conversation and manners is to produce such a temporary illusion. Now, to compose a really neat plot, it is usually considered necessary to make free use of those coincidences which more than anything shock our belief. We have no objection to a gentleman quite accidentally walking into the precise room in all Paris at the precise moment when his presence is required to cut an inextricable knot, so long as he does it only once in the story; but when he makes a practice of doing it, and when everybody else indulges in similar practices, we feel that we are being trifled with. We can stand such startling occurrences more easily in the theatre, because dramatic necessities make certain conventional representations of life fair-play. A story has to be compressed in time and space, and must be a little distorted; and we have not time to inquire too nicely into probabilities. But in a novel, where the author is hampered by no such bonds, where he has an unlimited command of any kind of means, we feel that he has no business to strain our imaginations by such devices. The whole story then becomes rather a pretty puzzle than a serious study of life. It approximates to the Arabian Nights type of narrative, where the wonderful lamp or the flying tent turn up just when they are wanted. It may be very amusing by sheer force of ingenuity, but the amusement is of a comparatively childish kind. The puppets are manoeuvred into curious complications, but we feel that they are only puppets after all.

It is true that a higher merit is frequently attained; the simpler stories in particular are far better proportioned, and their unity of effect kept more steadily in view, than is often the case with us. English writers have seldom the courage to be content with such simple materials as, for example, M. Erckmann-Chatrian in his stories of the war. They distract us by introducing some irrelevant scenes, partly in order to obtain a greater contrast, partly out of sheer awkwardness. Thus, for example, Sir Walter Scott has probably injured the best-planned of his stories, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, by the rather overstrained humours of Caleb Balderstone. But, on the other hand, the French writer usually sacrifices character in the interests of his plot; he tones it down in some places so as to lose all brilliancy of effect, and in others distorts it by unnatural lights and shades. No one has written stories which produce a more powerful impression for the moment than Balzac. But in order to heighten our interest, he gives to nearly all his persons exaggerated and generally repulsive characteristics. They are mere embodiments of malice and selfishness. His favourite device is to cause the wicked to triumph, and, by way of making the triumph more startling, to leave him perfectly heartless and remorseless. Indeed, some of his strongest situations are avowedly impossible; such as the case of the *Peau de Chagrin*, where the hero sees a piece of parchment shrink in size for every pleasure that he enjoys, and knows that he is to die when it shrinks to nothing. The whole story is beyond the limits of the natural, and the hero is merely an embodiment of an exaggerated and morbid state of feeling. So long as we attend to the effects which Balzac intended to produce, we feel them to be brought out with extraordinary force; but when we look into the instruments employed, we seem to have got into a world of incarnate fiends, each of whom is the patron of some particular vice. Their company is exciting, but not exactly what we have been accustomed to; and the art which depends upon such artificial stimulants can scarcely be of the highest order. The same criticism in a less degree might apply even to a man of M. Victor Hugo's genius. In *Les Misérables*, for example, he accumulates surprising qualities upon the virtuous bishop and upon Jean Valjean, until their reality becomes doubtful to us; the scenes in which they are actors are all the more striking, but we partly lose our sympathy with beings so much above our stature. And, what is more plainly a defect, the character of Valjean has to be so altered in deference to the dramatic needs of his successive positions in life, that we scarcely recognise his personal identity. In writers with less prodigality of power, the characters are generally rather too insipid than too strongly marked; the novelist's whole attention being fixed upon the story, he has no vigour to spare upon the delineation of his persons. But in both cases the character is more or less sacrificed to the plot. And it is here that English novelists can best challenge a comparison with their rivals. When the lights are not unduly heightened and the shadows made more than naturally dark in compliance with dramatic exigencies, we can more plainly distinguish the features of the actors; and besides this advantage, the comparatively irrelevant episodes into which an English novelist is permitted to stray give him great advantages for bringing out personal peculiarities. There are few cleverer writers than M. About; but in M. About's novels, with the exception perhaps of *Tolla*—and even in *Tolla* all the subordinate persons are very slightly sketched—we are generally treated to a bushel of epigrams about society for a grain of observation of character. In this department, indeed, we have a superiority quite as strongly marked as the French have in their plots. The portraits in *Adam Dede* and the *Mill on the Floss* are unrivalled in delicacy, as well as in their occasional humour, by anything on the other side of the Channel. It is curious to compare the conversations in a French novel with those of our own writers. In the former, all the persons talk in those odd monosyllabic sentences in which one frequently has to count backwards to be certain which of the interlocutors

is speaking. There is seldom even an attempt to discriminate in style between the language of the most distinct personages. They all snap out their little epigrams exactly after the same fashion, whilst it is chiefly in the conversations that a good English writer discriminates the finer shades of character. To take a single example from a novel, whose plot, by the way, is worthy of the best French novelists, the admirable public-house gossip about "ghos'es" in *Silas Marner* could hardly be paralleled from any French author. As we are of opinion that the highest triumph of the novelist is in the skilful display of character, we should say that English writers have so far the balance of superiority.

It would be easy to pursue the comparison into many other points. The intensity of French novels is probably more than counterbalanced by the richness and variety of English fiction. But one lesson might be judiciously drawn by our sensation writers. Many of their stories are probably in effect quite as immoral as the common French novel, as the description of persons always saved from temptation by accidents beyond their own power is not much more edifying than that of the persons actually yielding. The moral they teach is not that we should not commit crimes, but that we should commit them neatly. Moreover, the direct moral which a story illustrates is not the really important part of its teaching, but the general tone which it expresses. As, then, there is very little danger of the purity of some of our ingenious novelists being sullied by the contact, they might very well take a lesson from foreign practitioners of the art. The plan of adapting French plots has been extensively carried out in another department of literature, and is generally reviled as plagiarism. But the practice has certainly some merits to recommend it. As we often see recommendations to young clergymen not to be too proud to borrow sermons, we do not see why novelists should refuse to borrow plots. There are many old stories which no ordinary English reader would recognise, and which are miracles of neatness. A very little alteration in the domestic relations of the parties would suit them for home consumption, and we should be spared those misproportioned rambling stories, with overgrown episodes and unnecessary catastrophes, which generally form the groundwork of the modern sensation novel. The cross could hardly fail to benefit the breed, and certainly could not make it less respectable than it is at present.

PHILANTHROPIC DIVERSIONS.

OF the many contrivances devised by good and kind-hearted people for adding to the stock of human discomfort and misery, their public conversaziones are the most severely intolerable. An Exeter Hall meeting is bad. A meeting of the council or committee of a philanthropic society is also a hard thing to endure. The fussiness and egotism and gross disproportion between talk and action on such occasions are hugely wearisome, and the proceedings are as dust and ashes in the mouth. Still, here there is no affectation. The meeting professes to be engaged on business, and we have no right to grumble because the business is rather dull and uninteresting. People go for the purpose of hearing reports read and accounts stated, and they may fairly be expected to take their boring with resignation. But when philanthropy puts on the mask of pleasure, and asks us to go and make merry with her, the effect is too dismal. A philanthropic dinner is not cheerful, but to realize to the full the perfection to which social torture has been brought, you must join one of these benevolent bodies at tea. The ghastly hilarity of a conversazione of this sort is a thing entirely of its own kind. A scientific or artistic conversazione is all very well. You look at things through microscopes, and examine photographs, and it is not impossible to deceive yourself into the pleasant conviction that you are in some way encouraging that triumphant march of science and art for which the age is so remarkable. And, as the world goes, staring at hideous shapes and fierce exaggerated monsters through a microscope is one way, just like another, of proving your interest in nature at the same time as your sense of duty to society, and is rather amusing as well. Microscopes are perhaps not convivial instruments, but they are more or less entertaining even to the lay and unlearned mind. But looking through microscopes, to philanthropists and the followers of social science, is a very frivolous diversion. The proper study of man is man, and not magnified vermin. And, in order to study mankind with success, the first, second, and third requisite is an incapacity of being bored. To object to deadly dullness is to betray an unregenerate heart. You cannot take any real interest in your species if you do not like being dull, and like hearing dull people talk on the dullest subjects that their ingenuity can discover. Mere endurance is not enough. A man has not gone through the whole process of baptism into the great church of bores until he has acquired a positive passion for long-winded stupid talk, for undigested figures, for platitudes which do not mean much at any time and which mean nothing at all under the particular circumstances, and for every fallacy of reasoning which is to be found in the whole catalogue of fallacies. He may know that he is truly converted to social science when he can persuade himself that all this is downright jolly and exhilarating. The people who have drilled themselves into this beautiful frame of mind are only an esoteric few. Most of those by whom they surround themselves, and who profess to adore at their mystic rites, are hypocrites at heart. They

know that the conversazione is a sheer piece of imposition, and that nine-tenths of the persons who pretend to be enjoying themselves so sweetly are in their hearts chafing and reviling with exceeding bitterness. Some good-natured nobleman takes the chair, perhaps because he likes being toadied, or because, he scarcely knows how, he has got a reputation for taking chairs, or because he has got some notion about rank having its duties as well as its rights, and thinks that among them is that of lending a benign but vacuous countenance to any society which asks for it. It was rather surprising, by the way, to find Lord Ebury presiding last week over one of these conversaziones. His heroic efforts to get the service in church shortened have won him undying renown. And yet here he is encouraging the fearfully long-winded services of conversaziones and philanthropic meetings. To be consistent, he ought immediately to bring his powerful mind to bear on the revision of the liturgies of social science. The wearisome repetitions, and the inordinate length, which mark the public rites of the socially scientific deserve Lord Ebury's attention quite as much as anything else. He can sympathize with little boys who fall asleep in church. Are the grown-up people who have to sit for some three hours under the infliction of a parcel of bad speakers any less worthy of his benevolent thoughtfulness? But Lord Ebury may say that people go to church for one purpose, and to conversaziones at the Hanover Square Rooms for another. The purpose of the conversazione is to promote a genial conviviality, and excite a more general interest in some philanthropic project. But is it not rather a mistake to suppose that endless speech-making kindles a general interest in anything?

For instance, on the occasion in question, the object was to excite the public mind about the Ladies' Sanitary Association. In order to do this, the public mind is first regaled with a long list of places where branch associations have been formed, with a scrupulously minute account of how much money they have had, and a general account of what they have done with it, with the names of a number of influential ladies who were kind enough to lend their drawing-rooms for committee meetings, and a number of other facts, in which nobody under the sun, except those immediately concerned, can be imagined to take a particle of interest. Then a gentleman gets up to say something about the cleansing of the leper, and Abana and Pharpar, and hints that we have Scriptural authority for sanitary associations in the memorable episode of the washing of the feet of the disciples. Then somebody else thinks it worth while to talk with portentous solemnity and at merciless length about the Crimea, and to tell us that he had seen Miss Nightingale going about the wards tending the sick. A sensible clergyman, after this, got up to propose a resolution, and contented himself with saying, not perhaps without a certain subtlety, that he had come to the conversazione "not only not prepared to speak, but prepared not to speak." However, everybody was only too happy to forgive the over-subtlety of this mysterious distinction between two apparently identical states of mind, out of admiration and thankfulness for the steadiness with which he stuck to his intention. Possibly the persons who got up the conversazione felt themselves a little wronged by such reticence. Their persecuting theory is that the man who can speak and won't speak must be made to speak. Anyhow, two or three orators who followed the subtle man seemed to be under the influence of a certain moral pressure, and to have some sanitary Pharaoh at their backs insisting on their making bricks without straw, or speeches without ideas. What mysterious impulse is that which prompts every Englishman to hunger and thirst after moving and seconding resolutions? One's compassion for all the people who had to sit quietly in the body of the hall was entirely destroyed by the reflection that, if they only had the choice, they too would become even as their persecutors on the platform. There were the ladies, it is true, who have not yet been largely infected with this detestable passion for making speeches, and who, therefore, had no prospect of retaliating on the prosy males who were rendering their lives a burden to them. But ladies somehow like even the poor dissipation of a philanthropic conversazione; and the pleasure of having a pretext for putting on gay apparel, and seeing the gay apparel of others, reconciles them to the torment of long dull speeches, and preposterous futile resolutions which mean nothing and lead nowhere. A keen observer of experience might, we fancy, have detected a look on a good many faces which meant that they would have been deeply grateful if the dismal creatures pouring forth doleful platitudes about soap and water could have been metamorphosed into Coote and Tinney's band.

How a sanitary association could so far belie its name as to keep people considerably upwards of two hours in a constrained attitude listening to lethargic speechifying, is one of the many inexplicable things with which the mind of the searcher after social science is so constantly bewildered. One can scarcely think of anything more profoundly unwholesome. The monotonous unanimity of the proceedings fills the mind with positive despair. The speakers all say the same thing, and the resolutions all say the same thing also, and nobody is taken in by the pitiful farce of their being put to the meeting, though perhaps, as it is an excuse for holding up a hand, this extraordinary ceremonial is a pleasant relief. But it would be much better if the promoters would engage an *advocatus diaboli* or two. In the midst of the monotony we yearn for somebody to take the other side. We have, indeed, heard of one of these sanitary meetings being disturbed by an old gentleman getting up, boiling with indignation, to protest against

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the whole thing. The mention of soap was to him what a red rag is to a bull. He assured his listeners that he was sixty-five years old, that he was in as good health as any of them, and that, except for his face, he had for fifty years scorned to yield to these effeminate new-fangled notions about soap and water. It was their finicking sanitary nonsense, combined with the Reform Bill, which had brought about our unquestioned degeneracy among the nations. This vigorous philippic was a little surprise, but then it must have given a delightful feeling of vitality to the people present. At the end of a couple of hours' sanitary speechmaking one begins to have Berkeleyan notions about the reality of things, and the whole soul is enwrapped in a profound but not painless lethargy. Anything which tends to shake off this must, we should suppose, be a good thing for the cause. Unanimity is certainly the base of such meetings. However, the introduction of common sense into the diversions of philanthropic bodies, is reserved for a later and a happier era. Perhaps the day may come when people will not be invited under the mask of conviviality on high social principles to something which is even duller than ordinary seriousness. It is true that, after enduring some hours of speechifying, one is asked to take some tea and buns. But it is too late. Ordinary restoratives have lost their efficacy. The paralysed mind does not so soon recover its power. Like the prisoner of the Bastille, our faculties have become so numbed that liberty and tea have ceased to have any charms for us. We can only entreat our persecutors to take us back to more speechifying. And this kindness, we are bound to say, they always display a most Christian readiness to perform for us. Besides, one knows that, after tea has been swallowed, there is yet more oratory before the ceremony is allowed to come to a close. So the victim of philanthropic dissipation assumes, as well as he can, the air of the glum-looking Englishman leaning against the door-post and surveying mankind at a ball in Paris, whom a French friend addressed—"Ah, monsieur, comme vous avez l'air de vous amuser." It would be unfair to ask either sanitary ladies or any other philanthropic people never to do good except by stealth. But when they think it desirable to make known their good deeds before men, under the guise of conviviality, would it not be politic to make the conviviality rather less shadowy by abolishing the speeches? The silence of a Friends' meeting must, one would think, be rather dull, but it is golden indeed when compared with philanthropic oratory.

DRESS AND MORALS.

A MORNING contemporary usually supposed to enjoy the exclusive confidence of fashionable society has lately been endeavouring to read its clients a moral lesson. The missionary work was begun, after the most approved style, by the insertion of a letter invested with all the honours of large type. Placing himself in imagination at the door of a London ball-room, the writer proceeds to moralize on "the disclosure of person" which is accorded to the eye of the "highly favoured mortal" who occupies that position. He is troubled, he frankly admits, by the fact that the prevailing lowness of dress is not confined to those who, "if the object of the custom be to establish a claim to shape, can best afford to comply" with it. Perhaps, if the fashion extended only to young ladies with good figures, "Corydon's" indignation might have slumbered for an indefinite period. It is the display of "the too generous developments of maternal Juno and the severe figure of Diana *passée*" that has irritated his moral sense. And he has seemingly been so upset by one or two such apparitions that his eye no longer serves him to discriminate between one dress and another. He damages his own case by the assumption that they are all alike open to the charge of indecency. "My rector's wife in this country," he says parenthetically, is just as much to blame in this respect as her neighbours in London. Clearly we can place no dependence upon an observer who shows himself thus unable to observe. Before he again takes his accustomed station we strongly recommend him to have a few lessons in the art of measurement by the eye, and he will then discover that women may be as easily distinguished by the height of their dresses as by the colour of their trimmings. Of course it will still be open to him to stigmatize as indecent the fashion of leaving the neck uncovered in the evening, but in that case his strictures must be taken as applying pretty equally to most ages and countries. So far as they are intended to strike at a contemporary fashion, they ought in justice to be limited to the minority who set or follow it.

The leading article which followed the letter on the next day fell into the very same mistake, and assumes with equal confidence that all women dress exactly alike. Indeed it even finds an excuse for their so doing in a supposed tyranny of custom. No one but the sympathetic writer has ever fathomed the sufferings to which any young lady would be exposed who declined to have her gown cut lower than she thought consistent with decency. "She would be accused of the pride which spurs humility, and her aspect would have to be tried in the hottest furnace of jealous eyes and backbiting tongues before she could escape the charge of 'dowdiness,' a condemnation whose terrors one must be a woman to feel." Certainly this is a heart-rending picture, and we can only say that, if it be also a true one, the courage of a great many of the weaker sex is positively heroic. Granting that, for the last season or two, the amount of clothing above the waist has in some instances been reduced to a minimum, it is equally indisputable that, in a far larger number of cases, it has

remained just what it was, and that the critic whose modesty is shocked by the majority of the dresses he sees must have a singularly sensitive organization. It is comforting to believe that the charge is thus exaggerated, because, so far as it is well-founded, our contemporary has "no distinct remedy to recommend." The mischief is caused, he thinks, by the presence of the Household Troops. If the doorways of London were only occupied by bilious Corydons, women would soon learn the uselessness of the present fashion. But the post of observation is shared by the "efflorescent Guardsman," and to his eyes the scene "is gracious beyond measure." "The absence of restraint in the bountiful prospect creates exhilaration within him." Unfortunately, therefore, men, or at all events Guardsmen, cannot be trusted to frown down the evil. On the contrary, it is for their pleasure that it exists; and consequently the writer to whom we are indebted for this explanation has no better prospect to hold out than a vague "hope that a time will arrive when the younger ladies will not submit to the dictation of the faster *belles*," while "these will fail to appear in all the sumptuous negligence of many-coloured intoxicated autumn." And with this flight into that sublime region where metaphor and nonsense are one, the article comes to an end.

Probably, if the spring weather had been more genial, the subject might have been dropped here. But the prevailing east wind seems to have suggested to our contemporary's conscience the propriety of making another and bolder effort to stem the tide of impropriety. There was some encouragement in the reflection that, though we had reached the fourth week in May, "the season when lightness and looseness of apparel may be supposed more pardonable than at other times" was still coming, and not come; and, accordingly, the pen of some astute chaperone seems to have been retained, before the hot weather should make all reform hopeless, to comment on "the feelings with which a portion of mankind view laxity of corset and low-cut dresses." The morality of the lesson thus conveyed is not flattering to the class for whose benefit it is designed. It is assumed all through that the only way of making impropriety distasteful to young ladies is to convince them that it does not pay. This "lavish exhibition of their personal charms" will not really bring them "one whit nearer matrimony." If they could but listen to the talk of the club smoking-room, they would at once see their mistake, and be taught that "a man is not the more likely to endeavour to secure as his own the charming creature with whom he has been waltzing, when he hears the free discussion of her charms which follows the triumphant evening." To be "discussed like a race-horse" does not really raise a woman's value in the market. And then out of the depths of a life-long experience this elderly Mentor proceeds to define the exact stage in an acquaintanceship at which that "private view," which he defines as "the privilege of the initiated—of the exclusives," may be prudently vouchsafed. It is to be reserved, it seems, as the last weapon with which to bring a man to a proposal. He, we are told, "who thinks that he knows most of the divinity, and that his knowledge is exclusive, is much nearer committing himself to the grand step in life than he who finds that his friends have been as highly favoured as himself." As long therefore as a man's intentions are wholly uncertain, young ladies should endeavour "to inspire respectful homage, and to attract by coyness." It is only when they have good reason to believe that he is "near committing himself" that a too low dress can be worn with safety, and even then it must be so managed that he shall be the only male spectator. Except at this critical moment it cannot be too much impressed on them that "an open exhibition of personal charms is not the way to attract the best men," and that all they will get from it is "the mortification of having exposed themselves to no purpose."

We trust that we shall not be thought indifferent to public morality when we own ourselves utterly uninterested in the success or failure of this particular effort to mend the manners of the fashionable world. If women can only be kept modest by being shown that it pays matrimonially, we had just as soon they were immodest. Indelicacy of costume is chiefly objectionable in proportion as it implies a corresponding indelicacy of mind, and such a method of handling the subject as that we have been criticizing labours under the fatal defect of addressing itself only to the external evil. Supposing a young lady to be prepared to dress indecently if she thinks that to do so will improve her matrimonial chances, in what way does society gain by convincing her that she calculates falsely? The way in which her gown is made will have no influence upon her character, for her propriety and her impropriety will be dictated by the same motive, and will consequently be open to the same condemnation. Indeed, a fashion such as that which seems to be now becoming common has a certain advantage of its own, in that it affords an index to a woman's estimate of herself. If her sole object in life is to "secure the eligibles of the day," we cannot see that it makes the least difference to anybody in what way she sets about it. The end is in itself objectionable, and it will communicate its own complexion to whatever means may be employed to attain it. A writer who aims at effecting a merely external reformation may shelter himself, it is true, under the respectable authority of Mrs. Hannah More, who somewhere says that a real knowledge of her own interests would make the most abandoned woman careful to shroud her beauties from the eye of man, in the assured conviction that modesty would prove the most potent means of attracting him. But there has always seemed to us an irresistible force in the criticism with which this argument was met, that in that case a really modest woman would be driven to leave off

clothes altogether. If, therefore, our contemporary should find his labour thrown away, we shall not be distressed by the result. After all, propriety of dress is only valuable because it is the offspring of propriety of mind, and if it is to be dictated instead by a careful calculation of chances, we can see no reason for making any effort to retain it. If a young lady chooses to organize a universal exhibition of herself for the gratification of "efflorescent Guardsmen," it is entirely her own affair. No one need look at her unless he or she likes it, and certainly no one need imitate her. The sacrifice will bring its own reward, or its own punishment, and we may safely leave the officiating priestess to find out by experience which of the two results is the most likely to follow. If the moralist can make a woman dress modestly for modesty's sake, by all means let him try his hardest. But if he can only make her dress modestly for the sake of a good match, he may as well spare himself the trouble. She that is indecent, let her be indecent still.

RUSSIA AND BOKHARA.

IN Central Asia the Russian arms have lately sustained one of those annoying checks to which a great Power is always exposed, even from a barbarous and contemptible enemy. It is the fortune of war that a rash movement, a miscalculation of force for the particular object attempted, or the enemy's sudden energy and superior numbers should sometimes counterbalance the advantages of discipline and science. In the end, such defeats often prove the worst disasters for those who inflict them. The great Power has only to draw on its comparatively unlimited resources to redress the balance; and the necessity of wiping out reverse leads to severer measures than at first contemplated. It may possibly turn out to be unfortunate for Bokhara that her first brush with the Russian power has been so successful. There have been signs of a disposition in St. Petersburg to set bounds to territorial expansion, and it would have been convenient for Russia to consolidate her power in the regions lately acquired before advancing further. The annexation of Bokhara appeared to be indefinitely postponed. Now, however, that a costly and difficult war is forced on Russia, she will be tempted to finish the business, and gain once for all the mastery over the whole district, whether by formally annexing it or not. Those in this country who have been watching the course of events, and looking forward to the completion of the conquest within the next ten or twenty years, may now calculate the chances of its accomplishment within a much shorter period.

To explain the story we must go back to last summer, when Tashkent, the commercial capital of the region, fell under the Russian sway. Its acquisition rounded off a long series of annexations. Year after year the southern Siberian frontier had crept down over Independent Tartary, sweeping southward on a front of about 2,000 miles. The whole of the Kirghiz desert had been swallowed up, and now one of the great oases, Kokan, which had been attacked the previous year, was added, giving to Russia the whole valley of the Syr-Daria, the most northerly of the two great rivers which rise in the central table-land of Asia to pursue a north-westerly course of more than a thousand miles to the Sea of Aral. The valley of the other river, the Amu-Daria—a mere fragment of Independent Tartary—was alone left unabsorbed, and with the States in that valley the Russian power was brought into direct contact. This contact was dangerous enough for them, looking to the antecedents of their new neighbours, but no time was necessary for hostility to develop itself. The circumstances of the capture of Tashkent had given rise to a quarrel, and even last autumn there was a state of warfare between the two Powers. Bokhara had always had pretensions to suzerainty over that part of Kokan in which Tashkent is situated, and was only anticipated by Russia in the capture of that city. The Emir of Bokhara deeply resented the promptitude of the Russians, and threatened them with attack; and a collision would probably have occurred last autumn had not an insurrection in a part of his dominions compelled him to withdraw his troops. He retaliated, however, by seizing a Russian caravan, which was followed by Russian reprisals on the merchants of Bokhara at Orenburg. The caravan was in consequence released, the affair appeared amicably settled, and a few months ago a Russian envoy was permitted to go to the capital of Bokhara to establish friendly relations. As events have turned out, it is but too probable that the Emir of Bokhara meditated treachery. The envoy met a fate not unusual for envoys to the same Court. Like our own countrymen, Connolly and Stoddart, twenty-five years ago, he was imprisoned, and it is said, put in irons. But he was more lucky than they were in having the Power he represented nearer at hand, and an effort for his release was practicable. The *cassus belli* was immediately recognised, and the Russian General at Tashkent, General Tcherniaieff, who had long commanded in that quarter, at once determined to occupy Bokhara till the envoy should be released. It is the failure of the expedition which he conducted for this purpose which has now been reported. The nature of the situation shows the importance of this failure; and the circumstances of the expedition, and the accounts we have of it, add much to its significance.

In a military point of view, the problem before the Russian General was difficult enough. If we are to believe the Imperial accounts, he could only spare a small detachment, in spite of the large reinforcements which were hurried to his aid last year

when the quarrel arose. Not only was the detachment small, but the enemy was numerous and distant. Tashkent, where the Russian head-quarters were, lies on the right bank of the Syr-Daria, about sixty miles from the point where it would have to be crossed to reach Bokhara; and Samarcand, the nearest large town to Bokhara, is a hundred miles south of that point, rather less than half-way from the Syr to the Amu-Daria. There was thus a space of 160 miles to be traversed, and a broad river to be crossed, before the enemy could be grappled with. The distance was the more critical, for the size of the expedition required it to be one "in the air," without lines of communication from any base; and the country is peculiarly suitable for marauding operations—large tracts of it barren, and the remaining parts only kept fertile by irrigation. It is just the country where clouds of Tartar horsemen might cut off a small detachment. Then, again, Bokhara is a power with some sort of organization, estimated to have at command an irregular army of 60,000 men and more. It seems scarcely credible that the Russian General can have proposed to occupy it with no greater a force than we despatched last year against 100,000 Bhooteahs. But, judging from his past tactics, the threat to occupy Bokhara was probably a mere bravado, and the real intention was to make a dash at Samarcand, trusting to his power to hold it against a siege, if he could carry it by a *coup de main*. According to the Russian accounts, therefore, a force comprising 14 companies of infantry, 600 Cossacks, and 16 guns, left Tashkent towards the end of last January (Russian style), taking with them 1,200 camels, carrying provisions for a month. All went well, so far as we are told, till the 4th of February, when the column was "brought up" at Djuzak, a town about thirty miles north of Samarcand, which the enemy were found occupying in force. The General halted about five miles north of the town, having received, it is said, a letter from the Emir that the envoy was on his way back and would reach Samarcand on the 5th. Meantime, a want of wood and forage began to be felt, but the Governor of the town had prohibited the inhabitants from selling to the intruders, and a foraging detachment was sent out on the 7th to obtain supplies by force. In the outskirts of the town the detachment was resisted, and reinforcements were sent to its aid. A skirmish took place in which the Russians are represented to have been victorious, with a loss of six killed and nineteen wounded. The foraging party succeeded in their object, and next day the Governor of the town attributed the resistance offered to a misunderstanding, and expressed his regrets. There was nevertheless no sign of the envoy, and two or three days after the Russian General, apprehensive that the enemy only wanted to gain time, and as his provisions began to fail, withdrew to the Syr-Daria, intimating that he would there await the envoy's return. He was escorted a part of the way by the cavalry of Bokhara, who were only dispersed by artillery. The envoy is still in prison, and hostilities continue, the army of Bokhara having arrived on the Syr-Daria by the beginning of April, when another skirmish took place, in which the Russians were more successful. So far the Russian accounts; but we assume that they put a gloss on an ugly affair for various reasons. Why could not the General take Djuzak, a frontier town, when he purposed to take the much larger town of Samarcand? It is only a reasonable supposition that the enemy was in unexpected force; and there was no reason for avoiding hostilities after the bad faith of the Governor of Djuzak was manifest. Is it impossible, again, that what is now spoken of as the skirmish of a foraging party was really an attempt to capture the town? These doubts are strengthened by the fact that the news of the retreat has been kept back. All we were at first told, about two months ago, was, that General Tcherniaieff, at the request of the Emir of Bokhara, was awaiting the envoy's return on the banks of the Syr-Daria. Not a word was said of the previous retreat, which was actually a retreat before the enemy. There was nothing even to lead us to suppose that the Russian General had ever crossed the Syr-Daria; and the St. Petersburg journals dwelt on his halting there as a proof of the sincerity of Russian professions and the absence of aggressive purpose. Almost for the first time in the history of these affairs in Central Asia, the truth has reached us first by the roundabout channel of India. The Indian reports from Bokhara as to the fighting in February are that the Russians were beaten in a regular battle at Djuzak, losing four guns and a large number of prisoners, and the retreat is described as that of an invading column of 15,000 men retiring before an overwhelming force. The numbers are probably exaggerated, but, whatever the magnitude of the force, the importance of its purpose, the failure to accomplish it, and the long retreat before the enemy are signs of a conspicuous disaster, excusing some exaggeration in the imaginative Oriental mind.

Such is the misfortune which Russia has now to retrieve. It is easy to see that the difficulty of putting matters straight will be very great. Before the occurrence of this incident a holy war had been proclaimed in Bokhara, and, in fact, in all that remains of Independent Tartary; for Khiva, the other State on the Amu-Daria, has been drawn into opposition. The rapid proceedings of the Russians during the last two years, in spite of their ostentatious deference to the Mahomedan worship wherever they went, have excited profound alarm, and hatred of the infidel prompts resistance to the death. The retreat from Djuzak, even if no victory preceded it, must inflame the enthusiasts still more, and stimulate the zeal of the Mollahs in preaching a holy war. Some of the accounts represent

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that the towns of Bokhara are deserted to fill up the armies engaged in fighting the Russians. Prayers are being offered up in all the mosques, and the excitement is almost incredible. If there is any truth at all in these statements, it will not be easy to occupy Bokhara. The difficulty is enhanced by the very fact which makes prompt action imperative. The conquests of Russia have been so recent that her power is not consolidated over a wide area; the moral effect of the retreat is to shake her ascendancy far and near; and the contagion of the holy war may spread to the peoples already conquered. If a column advances, large garrisons must be left behind to keep down the possible insurrection in the rear. An expedition, it is said, has already set out under General Romanovsky, the successor of General Tcherniaieff. The new General will doubtless have found it necessary to increase his force considerably, but it cannot have been increased to the point that fighting will seem hopeless to the enemy. The spectacle will be worth watching in its military aspect alone. The distance to be traversed, the numbers of the enemy, and the extent of the area to be occupied combine to make the enterprise hazardous, and the dangers will increase when the point is passed where the former column was checked. But there are other grounds to justify some interest in the operation. It is the first time a European army has ventured so far into the Tartar deserts. Bokhara and Samarcand have hitherto appeared inaccessible to nineteenth-century civilization; it was reckoned quite a feat the other day when a Hungarian traveller crossed the deserts to explore the original seats of his race. The world hears so little of them that they are more cities of imagination than of reality, the scene of Eastern romances, and the almost fabled capitals of world-conquerors whose empires have long since crumbled. In a few months probably all their secrets will be revealed, and battles with musketry and cannon will eclipse the ruder exploits of a former time. European civilization will reach them, although the way may be cleared by Cossack lances, and the "civilization" may at first be no great improvement on the existing barbarism. We have an additional interest in what goes on in the prospect of the Russians as neighbours to our Indian Empire. We may not be much alarmed at it, for some years must elapse before Russia can be able to act offensively against us; but the fact is not one to be any longer overlooked.

TORPEDOES.

HAVING almost succeeded in constructing ships that are proof against attacks above water, the Admiralty is at last investigating the old-fashioned project of destroying them by submarine explosion. If torpedoes can really be made effective, they will go far to neutralize the advantages of armour-plating; for, difficult as it is to predicate impossibility of any engineering enterprise, it may almost be regarded as certain that no ship will ever be built that cannot be utterly destroyed by a sufficient charge of powder close under her keel. This is so obvious that the plan of submarine mines has never been without advocates, and it is less surprising that its feasibility should now be under examination than that it should have been officially ignored in England on all former occasions. Possibly a feeling which undoubtedly prevailed in the navy—that torpedoes at sea, like Greek fire by land, were scarcely legitimate weapons—may have had something to do with the reluctance to perfect the method; but old-fashioned rules of civilized war are rapidly becoming obsolete, and the practice of other nations imposes upon us the necessity of leaving no means of offence or defence untried. The American war has been supposed to illustrate the great value of torpedoes, and we believe that more than twenty vessels, for the most part small, were destroyed on one side or the other by submarine explosion. It does not appear, however, that any large operation was ever materially impeded by these means, and it is tolerably certain that not one torpedo in a hundred was exploded with effect. The Russian attempts at blowing up our Baltic fleet were conspicuous failures, except so far as the dread of torpedoes may have helped to keep our ships out of the narrow approaches to Cronstadt. Still enough has been done to call for the examination of the method, which the Admiralty has just commenced, and it is not improbable that, for certain special purposes, the torpedo may prove as useful in the water as mines have been often found on shore.

The first experiment that has been tried seems to have been expressly devised for the purpose of proving the only thing about torpedoes which is entirely free from doubt. Ever since gunpowder was invented, it has been quite certain that a sufficient charge of powder exploded close to a ship's bottom would infallibly sink her, and this is all that the destruction of the *America* can be said to have established. A dozen canisters, containing from twenty to fifty pounds of powder, were fired at the same moment, and the ship duly broke up and sank. As the charges were placed at varying distances from the hull, it may be supposed that one object of the experiment was to ascertain the effective range of action of torpedoes of given size. If so, the object must have been in great measure defeated by exploding the whole series simultaneously, instead of beginning at a considerable distance, and approaching the vessel at each successive explosion, until an effective breach was made. It is not in this part of the inquiry that the real difficulties in the way of using torpedoes are to be met. The desideratum is to bring an enemy's ship and the torpedo in contact, and to fire the charge at the right moment; and when this is in-

sured it will be easy enough to settle such details as the necessary weight of charge, and the distance within which it may be trusted to do its work. Neither the Americans nor any other people have thoroughly mastered the problem. Three methods were used during the civil war. The first was, to take a torpedo-boat up to a ship at anchor, and fix and fire it under cover of darkness; and there was one instance in which this hazardous exploit was successfully performed by an American officer, who, contrary to his own and every one else's expectation, escaped with his life. The torpedo-boat system, however, has so much the character of a forlorn hope about it, and is so easily met by a little vigilance, that it is never likely to be extensively employed; and if really good service is to be got out of torpedoes at all, it will rather be by compelling or enticing the enemy to come to the submarine mine, than by carrying the charge to the enemy. There still, however, remains a choice of two methods, both of which were extensively employed in America. The torpedo may be made to explode whenever fouled by a ship, or it may be fired from the shore when the hostile vessel is found by cross-bearings to be immediately over it. Both of these plans are open to objections which have not yet been satisfactorily disposed of. A self-exploding charge may easily be fired by the enemy, without serious injury to himself, by means of hulks or rafts preceding the fleet as a pilot-engine goes before a royal train. Then, again, the machinery, though not difficult to construct, is very likely to get out of order, and not at all easy to get at for testing or repair. Thus it is only recently submerged torpedoes that can be trusted for defence, and even then the enemy has generally an excellent chance of escaping them altogether. If used where they would be most effective, in a narrow channel where an attacking vessel would have no chance of avoiding the obstruction, the enemy would know exactly where to find them, and would the more easily effect a premature explosion. Reasonable care in any confined navigation would probably neutralize almost all the risk from self-exploding torpedoes. The only remaining plan which is known to have been tried is the simple device of firing the charge from the shore. It is true that in this case the torpedo may be fished up, just as in the other it may be exploded with little or no effect; but picking up under a fire concentrated upon the spot would not be easy by day, and if attempted by night would be likely enough to fail. Connecting wires might, of course, be grappled, and the machine disabled, or a slight miscalculation of time or distance might render the explosion ineffectual after all. But there is one peculiarity about this method which gives it a great superiority. The machine cannot get out of working order without the fact being instantly discovered. A very ingenious arrangement has recently been devised, by which the current of electricity can be made at pleasure either to traverse and explode the charge, or to pass through the wires by another channel, and show that the connection is perfect without destroying the weapon in the act of testing it. In this way a position like the entrance to Spithead might be lined with torpedoes as certain to explode when the electrical contact is made, as a charged gun is when the trigger is pulled.

If such weapons come into general use, there can be no doubt that the art of fishing them up will be duly cultivated, as it was with considerable effect on the part of the North American sailors. In the end the value of the invention will, perhaps, mainly depend on the success with which this operation can be baffled; and if the Admiralty Committee shall succeed in devising a mode of laying torpedoes which would leave them tolerably secure against grapnels, their efficiency for the defence of positions like Portsmouth can scarcely be exaggerated. To do this will call for better engineering than was shown by the Confederates, for both at New Orleans and at Mobile the lavish use of torpedoes failed to check the Federal fleet. Even at Charleston it was more by the fear which they inspired than by the destruction which they caused, that they contributed to the magnificent defence of the harbour. Probably the full efficiency of the torpedo remains to be brought out, and the example of the Americans is more important in calling attention to a long neglected engine of warfare than in teaching us how to use it with effect. The lesson of harbour defence which is really to be gathered from the American war is rather the use of floating obstructions than of submerged torpedoes. It is scarcely possible to maintain a fire from any system of batteries so heavy that a fast iron-clad may not run the gauntlet with a fair chance of immunity; while, on the other hand, a concentrated fire has seldom failed to repulse a fleet brought to a standstill by well-placed obstructions. The Federal Monitors were quite unable to hold their own under this severe trial, though there is no instance in which they were stopped by the most lavish use of torpedoes. At the time when the Portsmouth defences were under discussion, the proposal to boom the approaches was rejected, from the extreme inconvenience which was feared if the obstruction were permanently maintained, and the inquiry recently commenced is probably intended to ascertain whether an equivalent protection may not be found in the employment of torpedoes. It is quite possible that the system may be so far perfected as to become a valuable adjunct to other defences, but as far as past experience can guide us there is no known method of harbour defence at all comparable to powerful batteries combined with floating obstructions. Still, either as an adjunct of this plan of defence, or as a substitute for it if it should still be found impracticable without too great a sacrifice of convenience, the torpedo is well worthy of the attention which has so long been refused to

it; and the labours of the Committee will not be lost if they can discover any method of placing their submarine mines which will render it impossible, or at any rate extremely difficult, for an enemy to remove or explode them. If this problem can be successfully solved, torpedoes will become a most important element in harbour defences, but very little progress towards the desired solution is made by so elementary an experiment as that which ended the career of the old *America*.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE origin and history of this Exhibition are now sufficiently known. Lord Derby's hint, thrown out in the conversation to which he made graceful allusion when speaking at the Royal Academy, has not been barren, and he has the satisfaction of seeing, as the result of his suggestive letter to the Committee of Council on Education, perhaps the most remarkable illustration of the history and biography of any country that has ever been brought together. The readiness with which pictures, priceless in their owners' eyes as memorials of the past, have been sent has been freely praised, and deserves praise, even though an alloy of other motives besides public spirit may have mingled with the liberality of some contributors. No doubt country-houses, left in solitude during the London season, are not the worse for losing their stately Vandycks, though the track of the frames on the walls cannot have been a cheerful spectacle during the Easter recess; yet it is fair to remember that full-length portraits cannot travel from one end of England to the other without incurring some at least of the railway perils which the skilful forethought of directors so well knows how to provide. Moreover, if a luggage-train for which no one is responsible intervenes between these works of art and their destination, so that their *disjecta membra* cast upon the metals are all that survive, some may even profanely think that the President and all the Academicians would not be equal to the task of replacing one of Vandyck's cavaliers. The pictures have, however, reached South Kensington in safety; and their home journey, to be performed early in the autumn, will, we hope, be equally prosperous.

The collection is arranged with some approach to chronological sequence, and its contents may be broadly divided into three periods:—1st. the Plantagenet reigns, and onwards, to the death of Henry VII. in 1509; 2nd. Henry VIII. and the whole of the sixteenth century to the end of Elizabeth's reign; 3rd. James I. to the Revolution of 1688, which is the limit of the present exhibition. It is proposed next year to advance to the latter half of the eighteenth century—making, if necessary, a supplement to include some early pictures omitted from the present series—and in a third year to come down to the early part of our own century. Besides these broadly distinct periods, which may save the visitor from utter bewilderment among a thousand portraits, subdivisions, very distinct but chiefly artistic, must also be recognised—as, for example, the age of Holbein, who died in 1543, as is now certainly proved, though the introduction to the catalogue expresses some lingering doubt of the fact; the time of Edward VI. and Mary, showing an art very different from Holbein's; the reign of Elizabeth, and so on.

In the first period which we have indicated, the collection contains about seventy portraits, but only three or four painters of these can be named with certainty. For the most part they are what may be called memorial pictures, composed from some earlier work, either from an illuminated MS.—as in the case of Chaucer (Nos. 9 and 10), taken from the small full-length in the British Museum, by Hoccleve the poet, whose master Chaucer was—or from effigies on tombs, painted glass, &c. Holbein's portrait of Henry VII., to be mentioned presently, is the best of this class of pictures. Other works in this earliest division are imaginary, and wholly worthless. To this last category may be consigned "Fair Rosamond"—a picture which, besides bearing other names, was called Mary Queen of Scots before it found its way into the Royal collection—and the "Sir William Wallace," a Highland thief, arrayed in a tartan, with a brooch inscribed "Libertas."

The memorial pictures are some of them not without a certain interest and value, even when the utmost credulity cannot call them historical portraits. The stout Talbot wearing his harness to his eightieth year could scarcely have resembled the lean and penitential personage here shown (No. 19), clothed in a tabard; yet this picture and its companion, his wife, the Countess of Shrewsbury, of which there is a replica in the Herald's College, are probably works of the early part of the sixteenth century, and have thus at least some antiquarian value. The same may be said of the portrait of "John of Gaunt" (No. 4), a manufactured piece, possibly by Lucas Cornelisz, a half-starved painter from Leyden, who came over with his family, and was patronized by Henry VIII.; it is of no value whatever as a likeness, yet is no modern fabrication. "Sir Henry Wentworth" and "Archbishop Fitzalan"—two others perhaps of the series of fifteen painted to represent constables of that fortress of Queenborough which William of Wykeham planned for Edward III.—have somewhat the same, but no higher claim; whereas "George Duke of Clarence" (No. 25) is a comparatively modern imitation, possibly of one of such originals by Cornelisz. "William of Wykeham" (No. 5) has no pretensions to be a contemporary work; he died in 1404, and here is a crozier of metal work at least a hundred years after that period, with some imaginative flourishes besides, a mitre painted incorrectly, and jewels of the sixteenth century. "William Wayn-

flete's" portrait (No. 22) is a copy on canvass of some sixteenth-century picture. The details, if nothing else did, would betray its date; the episcopal ring that the Bishop wore who died in 1486 would have been very different from those here shown on his fingers, with faceted stones in sixteenth-century setting.

Richard II. is represented in the collection—the remarkable portrait of him at Wilton not being obtainable—by the very large picture, on a massive oak "table," which comes from the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster. The figure of "the unhappy beautiful prince" is more than life-size, seated in a State chair in royal robes; it is quaintly described in Dart's *History of Westminster*, who mentions that the lower part had been much defaced by the backs of those who filled the stall above which it hung. Beneath this picture, buried under coats of paint, might be found, no doubt, some remains of the original; the raised diaper of the background, however retouched, is a genuine remembrancer of ancient work, and resembles the mural sculpturing over parts of the abbey walls. Compare the coloured print of it in Carter's specimens of sculpture and painting. The picture is not a copy, as conjectured by Dr. Waagen, but is in all probability the original board that first hung in the choir at Westminster, perhaps even before the time when Henry V. (in 1413) paid John Wyddemer 4*l.* for a horse-bier, coffin, &c., for removing the body of the hapless King, and burying it in its present tomb in the Abbey.

The portrait of Henry IV. (No. 13), with his badge of foxtails on the frame, and an inscription stating that the King left this picture in Hampton Court, Herefordshire, when he gave that place to Lentall, seems to be a repetition of an older work; yet even so the costume is difficult to account for. Another, with the same inscription, is in the possession of the Marquis of Hastings; another, without the writing, belongs to Lord Petre; and a fourth is shown here from the Royal Collection at Windsor—one of the series of kings which were composed from whatever sources were procurable, and have been always accepted by popular histories of England, and similar authorities. Several are shown in the present Collection. Henry IV.'s likeness occurs in the painted glass of King's College Chapel, but that only dates between 1526 and 1532; yet he has probably fared better than some of the others, as Edward IV., for example (No. 24).

No. 26, called "Isabel Neville" by its owner, obviously represents a lady of the time of Henry VIII., and is in fact a poor repetition of a curious picture in the possession of Lady Cecilia Des Vieux, painted in 1532 by Johannes Corvus, and representing Mary Tudor, Henry VIII.'s sister and Queen Dowager of France. No. 28, supposed to represent Margaret Countess of Salisbury and Norwich, has little claim to be regarded as genuine; and this is unfortunate, as one would have liked to see a true image of the brave-hearted mother of Cardinal Pole, who stoutly denied herself to be a traitor, and refused to lay her grey head on the block, so that, according to Lord Herbert, the executioner was "constrained to fetch it off slovenly." "Jane Shore" (No. 34), a manufactured bust-portrait, similar to one hung beside it from King's College, Cambridge, is sent from Eton, which is grateful to her memory for having, as is said, successfully interceded when the privileges of the Lancastrian Henry's foundation were in danger. A more pretentious portrait of her (No. 33) represents the "baker's wife" as a comely dame, but unfortunately in a ruff of the later time of Queen Elizabeth—the period when the picture, by no means a bad one, was manufactured.

Among these more or less fictitious works are a few of genuine interest so satisfactory as to make them objects of considerable interest both to artists and antiquaries. Such is Lord Verulam's portrait of his ancestor Edward Grimston (No. 17). He was a man of mark in his day, though he now owes the revived memory of his "good and loyal service" to the skilful Fleming who perpetuated his harsh-lined face. In 1446, at the date of this portrait, he was appointed one of the ambassadors from Henry VI. to the Court of Burgundy, to negotiate a treaty of intercourse, which is mentioned in Rymer's *Federas*; he also married a cousin of King Edward IV. The picture represents him in a room lighted from the right, so that part of the face is deeply shadowed; the colour is full, strongly contrasted, and very rich, the outlines somewhat hard, as was the manner of the painter. There is a marked Flemish character in the costume, and even in the face, but the Grimston arms are shown on two shields at the back of the chamber in which he stands. The panel bears at the back the signature of the painter, "Petrus Christus," his mark, and the date 1446. Petrus Christus was a pupil of Hubert Van Eyck, and had purchased in 1444 citizenship at Bruges, where doubtless this picture was painted. More than four centuries have left it with a force of colour that many an exhibitor at Trafalgar Square may envy, though the reticulation of minute cracks frequent in old pictures, each somewhat darkened, no doubt impairs the original brightness.

No. 18, the fine votive picture, in form of a triptych, from Chiswick, is a work full of artistic as well as antiquarian interest. In point of preservation it is almost intact, though painted most probably in 1470 by Hans Memling. The minutely-finished background, with a water-mill, swans, &c., is shown by Crowe and Cavalcaselle (Early Flemish Painters) to be the same as that in Memling's "Madonna and Child" in the Uffizi at Florence. The wings of the triptych have been thought to be by the hand of Hugo van der Goes, and they perhaps show a darker system of shadow than the centre portion, while the minute accessories, the peacock and serpent rising from St. John's chalice, are quite as skilfully handled; on the other hand, the glimpse of landscape has none of the crowding of detail

noticed in Van der Goes's works. The identification by Mr. Gough Nichols of the persons represented—they were formerly named Lord Clifford and his family—seems to confirm the opinion of the writers above named, that this picture was a work of Memling's previous to the "Adoration of the Magi" at Bruges, dated 1479. Sir John Donne is believed to have been in Flanders with Edward IV. in 1470, and he, his wife, and daughter are the kneeling figures in this picture. The accuracy with which the jewellery is painted, the "cabuchon" stones in the head ornament and on the clasp of St. Agnes, contrasts well with the anachronisms already indicated in the "memorial" type of portraits.

No. 16, entitled by Walpole the "Marriage of Henry VI.," however difficult it may be to agree with his ingenious explanation, is at least a genuine and interesting Flemish picture, and a good study of costume of about 1470. No. 21, "Sir John Fortescue," is a respectable work by a Flemish artist. If it represents the Lancastrian Chief Justice at all, it is but a memorial likeness; the attitude of the hands is that which would be adopted in such a work or in a votive picture. No. 23, styled "Richard Earl of Warwick," and No. 36, "Sir Thomas Lyttelton," need no comment; their costume and style are sufficient; they might be conveniently transferred more than a hundred years further up the gallery; yet the former is an interesting and genuine picture of that time. The ungainly face of Sir Robert Chester, No. 41, looks ugly and true enough. He was a persevering person, and so importuned King Henry VIII. that he obtained recompense for his father's losses, who, having invested all his money in helping Henry VII. to the throne, though the speculation was well judged, yet was left penniless by the griping monarch. The son secured some equivalent, if not in money, at least in lands and preferment; survived the favour of Henry, and saw the reign of Elizabeth. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, Henry VII.'s Minister, who introduced Wolsey, and was supplanted by him, is seen in the curious and genuine picture (No. 46) from "Corpus Christi," painted by Johannes Corvus—not from the life, perhaps, though there is no chronological reason why it might not be so, but rather from some miniature illumination or effigy. A duplicate of the down-looking and ascetic head is also lent by Mr. R. Cholmondeley.

Henry VII. himself is well seen only in Holbein's cartoon, the much valued loan from Hardwicke, in whose hall it long hung, little noticed till Mr. Scharf drew attention to its history. His other portraits here, as well as those in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, with one at Eton, and another at Knole in Kent, seem derived from some source similar to that which supplied Holbein, but used without his skill. Holbein's work—for he was not in England until seventeen years after Henry VII.'s death—is perhaps mainly taken from Torrigiano's likeness for the King's tomb. The fine bronze bust in the Museum at South Kensington, which was a few years ago sold at Brighton for a trifle as a painted plaster cast weighted with lead, shows the same thoughtful and politic face, ruled not by passion but by intellect; so that Lord Bacon's estimate of his character seems not exaggerated when remembered in presence of such a head. A curious painting (No. 54) entitled "Henry VII. and Ferdinand of Arragon" is obviously not by Holbein, nor does it represent either of the kings named. The Burgundian jaw in one, and some other points about the face, seem to identify him with Charles V.; and the golden fleece, and the globe on which his finger rests, as though to indicate the width of his sway, are consistent with this supposition. The features, moreover, resemble the portrait at Windsor, identified by Mr. Scharf as representing the Emperor. The details are finished with the care of a skilful Flemish painter, and the slashing of the fingers of the glove to give space for the rings is shown here, as also in No. 162. The interesting little picture (No. 58) traditionally entitled "The Three Children of Henry VII." is described in Charles I.'s Catalogue thus:—"Item, a Whitehall piece, curiously painted by Mabusius, wherein two men children and one woman child, playing, with some orange in their hands, by a green table; little-half figures upon a board in a wooden frame." It has been satisfactorily shown by Mr. Scharf that it represents, not Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, and their sister—for two evidently are girls—but three children of Christian King of Denmark, and that it is so entered in the catalogue of pictures belonging to Henry VIII. Though the carnations have gone, and left a pasty look in the chubby cheeks and hands, yet the skill of the drawing and force of the expression prove the picture to be the work of a good artist.

James IV. of Scotland (No. 61), represented with a hawk in his fist—he has no glove on—may be a copy by Mytens of a portrait of him that existed in Henry VIII.'s collection; it is said to have belonged to Charles I., and rather looks as if taken from an Italian original. The portrait which Lord Derby good-humouredly mentioned at the Royal Academy as having been disturbed in its traditional title by the appearance of two others in the Gallery with similar features but different name, is No. 70, called "Thomas, Second Earl of Derby." By comparison with Nos. 136 and 139 it is shown to represent Thomas Radclyffe, Earl of Sussex, the bitter enemy of the evil favourite Leicester, but the faithful servant and friend of Queen Elizabeth—him whose letter to her "Majesty" described with graphic minuteness the "hole shape worthy commendacyon and lykynge in all respects" of the Archduke Charles, the suitor with whom she long dallied. This picture, then, is out of its order, and so is that of Lord Strange beside it, as is readily seen by the Elizabethan costume of both portraits.

An artistic period of genuine portraiture in England may be said to commence with the reign of Henry VIII., and Holbein's name, whatever may have been his reputation as compared with his compeers in his lifetime, has now prevailed almost to the oblivion of all others. Enough to justify his pre-eminence can be found, after due sifting, among the many portraits which for the first time confront and often contradict each other in these galleries. The more important of these we shall notice on another occasion.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S REPORT.

THE Zoological Society of London, originally instituted for the general advancement of the sciences of zoology and animal physiology, has of late years, as most of our readers are aware, devoted the greater part of its resources to the maintenance and increase of the collection of living animals in the Regent's Park, well known to every visitor to the metropolis as the "Zoological Gardens." As the national collections of natural history in this country do not embrace a series of living specimens, it is good that the ground thus left unoccupied has been taken up by a private society. It is also satisfactory to find that this self-imposed duty has been performed in such a creditable manner that the Zoological Society's collection, although receiving no support from the State, has come to be regarded almost in the light of a national institution. The Report of the Council of this Society, presented to the anniversary meeting and recently circulated amongst the Fellows, is consequently a document of much interest, as giving us an account of the present condition of its affairs and of its progress during the past year.

The number of members of the Society on the 30th of April last was 2,218, of whom 318 had been elected since the preceding anniversary. During the same period the decrease of members by deaths, resignations, and other causes together only amounted to 78, so that a very considerable increase in the total number of Fellows took place during the year. That this is not an exceptional state of affairs appears from the statement and tables annexed to the Report, which show that a nearly similar rate of increase in the roll of members has now prevailed for several years, and that the candidates for admission to the Fellowship are, at the present moment, nearly one hundred in number. The income of the Society during the year 1865 was 23,457*l.*, being 1,743*l.* more than in the preceding year. The most conspicuous item in this large total of receipts is that of "admissions to the Gardens," being the amount received in shillings and sixpences from visitors to the Society's establishment in the Regent's Park. In 1865 this source of income produced 12,880*l.*, being a larger sum than had ever been received under this head in any preceding year, except during the two "Exhibition" years, when the receipts were abnormally swollen by the vast concourse of strangers in London. The income received from the admissions and subscriptions of the Fellows only amounted to about 8,200*l.*, which shows that, in a financial point of view, the continuance of the popularity of the Gardens among the masses is of still greater importance to the Society than a large influx of new members. The expenditure of the Society during the past year amounted to 23,571*l.*, being slightly in excess of the receipts. But only 18,721*l.* of this appears to have been "ordinary" expenditure, such as was required "to keep the Society's large and increasing establishment in a perfect state of efficiency"; the remaining sum is classed under the head of "extraordinary expenditure," and was devoted to "new buildings and works," and to "special acquisitions for the Society's menagerie." These items may be fairly regarded as so many investments on account of capital, which may be expected to bring in an ample return in the form of new Fellows and additional visitors to the Gardens. Any fears as to the Society's expenditure having exceeded its income must, however, be dissipated on turning to the next two paragraphs of the Report, where we are told that there is a reserve fund invested in the solid form of 10,000*l.* Three per Cents Reduced, "in which no change has been made since the preceding anniversary," and that the liabilities of the Society on the 31st of last December were only estimated at a little over 2,000*l.*, whereas the assets at the same period amounted to more than 12,100*l.*

Besides advancing our knowledge of nature by the exhibition of an unrivalled series of living animals, the Zoological Society, like the sister Societies of the metropolis, holds scientific meetings during several months of the year, at which papers on zoological subjects are read, and discussions held. These are subsequently published in the "Proceedings" and "Transactions" of the Society, volumes well known to the working zoologist as containing memoirs upon every branch of zoological science, and to which all the leading naturalists of the day have made frequent and valuable contributions. The Report informs us that these meetings have been regularly held during the past year, and that an unusually large number of communications have been made to them. The expenses of publishing the "Proceedings" and "Transactions" have consequently been rather higher than usual—amounting to 1,475*l.* But this is certainly not too much for a Society with an income of 23,000*l.* a year to devote to the cause of science, especially when it is taken into consideration that between 500*l.* and 600*l.* per annum is recovered by the sale of the publications to non-subscribers.

The concluding portion of the Council's Report refers mainly to the state of the menagerie in the Regent's Park, and to the

additions made to it during the year 1865. The number of animals living in the Gardens at the close of that year was 1,956, being 98 more than at the corresponding period of the preceding year. Among the acquisitions made during the year were some of especial interest, to which particular attention is called in the Report. Perhaps the most important of them is a pair of African elephants, obtained in the summer of 1865, which have supplied what has long been rather an important desideratum in the Society's series of mammals. Although the Asiatic variety of this huge creature has always had one or more representatives in the menagerie, the measures adopted by the Council to procure a specimen of the conspicuously different African species had not previously proved successful. Up to the summer of last year, it is believed that no example of the African elephant had ever been introduced alive into this country, at any rate since the times of the Romans, whose elephants are generally considered to have been of African origin. In July last, however, the Council succeeded in obtaining by exchange a young male of this animal from the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, to which institution two specimens, both of this sex, had been some time previously presented by some dusky potentate in the interior of Africa, desirous of propitiating his formidable neighbours. Soon after the receipt of the male African elephant, two females, singularly enough, came into the London market, one of which was likewise secured by the Council for the sum of 500*l*. The Society's collection therefore now contains a pair of African, as well as a pair of Indian, elephants. It likewise includes a pair of hippopotamuses, a pair of Indian rhinoceroses, four giraffes, and six or seven elands, forming such a collection of the larger and more bulky mammals as has never been before brought together in one place; not to mention the various series of lions and tigers, and other better-known animals, which are maintained in their accustomed numbers. No mention, we observe, is made in the Report—probably from its relating mainly to the proceedings of the past year—of another conspicuous addition that has lately been made to the Regent's Park collection; we mean the sea-bear, or, as it is more correctly called, the eared seal, belonging to the genus *Otaria* of naturalists, a single specimen of which was acquired some months ago, and has deservedly attracted much attention. The form of this animal, although well known to distant navigators, is one altogether novel to those who have not visited the Antarctic regions or the Pacific coasts of America, and its actions, as exhibited by its keeper, are as bizarre and grotesque as anything which it is possible to conceive. The mode of progression of the *Otaria* is utterly unlike that of the seals of the Atlantic, which are only enabled to move on *terra firma* by the contraction and expansion of the abdominal muscles, and it more nearly resembles that of the walrus. The present specimen was captured, we believe, by the same man who has now the charge of it, and to whom it seems to be devotedly attached, on the shores of Tierra del Fuego, near Cape Horn. This animal, or a species nearly allied to it, occurs abundantly in the Falkland Islands, and in other parts of the Antarctic seas. In his remarkable narrative of his shipwreck and subsequent Robinson-Crusoe-like life on the Auckland Islands, Captain Musgrave has recently given us an interesting account of the habits of one of these animals in a state of nature, showing that they are certainly much more terrestrial than the true seals.

With these conspicuous additions to the attractions of the Society's Gardens, it is not surprising that the numbers of visitors present a corresponding increase. In 1865 the entrances amounted to 525,176, being upwards of 18,000 more than during 1864, showing a larger number of visitors than in any previous year, except in the two "Exhibition" years. Of these about one-half were on Mondays and holidays, when the admission is reduced to 6*d*. each person. The liberal regulations of the Society which permit school-children to visit the Gardens, under certain restrictions, free of expense, were taken advantage of during the same period by 14,860 charity children and others, who were admitted gratis. On turning to the Parliamentary Report we find that the number of visitors to the British Museum during the past year was 477,650; so that the Zoological Society's Gardens, in spite of the shillings and sixpences exacted from the public, may fairly claim to be a more popular establishment than the national institution in Great Russell Street.

Before concluding our notice of the Zoological Society's proceedings during the past year we will say a few words upon a subject which must attract the notice of every visitor to the Gardens; we mean the excessively cramped space in which the finest and most valuable collection of living animals in the world is confined. As regards former deficiencies in the buildings for the animals, great efforts have been made to remedy this evil during the last few years. Many of the older houses have been pulled down and replaced by new and more commodious buildings, and most of the cages and yards have been enlarged. This excellent system, as we see by reference to the annual Reports, is likely to be continued, slowly but surely, until all the various buildings, many of which were evidently erected with the object of meeting temporary claims for accommodation, shall have been renewed and brought into perfect order. But this operation will involve a corresponding loss of space to the public which can hardly be spared, not to speak of the disadvantage of having so many large buildings placed near together. Even now there is barely sufficient room for the crowd to circulate on one of the great national holidays. When the new lions'-house, and the new elephants'-house, and all the other new

buildings that are talked about are completed, the Gardens will scarcely contain the thirty thousand sight-seers that resort to them on an Easter Monday. It may be worth considering, therefore, whether the Government might not grant a few additional acres of ground out of the Park for the Society's use. Hitherto, we are informed, in reply to several applications of this nature, a counter-demand has always been sent that the Gardens should be thrown open to the public on one day of the week—which is equivalent to a demand of rent to the amount of about 10,000*l*. a year for the additional space required. But there can be little doubt that, if the many members of both Houses of Parliament who take an interest in the Society's affairs would exert themselves in this matter, the First Commissioner of Works would listen to reason upon this, as upon other subjects. It may be fairly argued that the Society is relieving the State of a burden which, among our Continental neighbours, is considered to be incumbent upon the nation—that of keeping up a collection of living animals for the instruction of the public and the advancement of science. It is performing this duty in a way which is admitted on all sides to be highly creditable. The great zoological museums of France and Holland may fairly claim to rival, if they do not surpass, our national collection of natural history. But when we come to the living series there can be no such question between us and our neighbours. Neither the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, nor any of the Gardens of other Continental countries, have anything at all to compare, either as regards numbers of individuals or completeness of series, with the living collection of animals belonging to the Zoological Society of London.

THE OAKS.

THE inevitable reaction consequent on the high-pressure excitement of the great Epsom carnival invariably exercises a depressing influence on the Oaks. On its own intrinsic merits, the race which is popularly supposed to decide the question of the best mare of the year ought, one would think, to command an interest second only to the struggle for the Blue Riband, and were it run at any other time, such would doubtless be the case. As it is, however, owing to the unfortunate proximity of the two big events, the lesser is absorbed by the greater, and the whole interest of the week converges to the common centre of the Derby. Until that is decided, the "Ladies' Race" scarcely comes in for more than casual mention. It is looked upon by general consent merely in the light of an afterpiece to the great drama. Touts and tipsters ignore it almost to a man; the prophets are either discreetly dumb or vaguely oracular; and even the sporting journals are, as a rule, content to dismiss the prospects of the Oaks in a few meagre lines of comment, appended as a tag to elaborate Derby predictions. Strange to say, the general apathy is shared even by the professional element of the racing community, for notwithstanding the facilities afforded by the race for betting purposes—the discomfiture of the favourite being almost as proverbial as the fickleness of the sex—scarcely a book is ever opened on the Oaks until after the Derby is decided. On the present occasion these symptoms showed themselves in an unusually aggravated form, as speculation was very languid, and the interest manifested in the race was scarcely up to the mark of a second-class county handicap. This was probably attributable in a great measure to the firm position as favourite of Repulse, the crack representative of the formidable Danebury stable, and winner of the One Thousand Guineas, who it was fairly presumed, from her public form, and considering the class of the animals by which she was opposed, could scarcely fail at Epsom to repeat her Newmarket victory. The double event of the One Thousand and the Oaks is, however, proverbially dangerous to backers, and the present occasion formed no exception to the rule, as on the day preceding the race a strong opposition was manifested against the favourite, who gradually declined to 10 and 12 to 1; and the rumour that she would not run received a very significant confirmation when it became known that the Duke of Beaufort had accepted 3,000*l*. to 1,000*l*. about her stable companion Ischia, who thereupon was installed in the place of first favourite. As usual, a variety of reports were current as to the cause of this sudden retrogression of Repulse, which was generally attributed to an unsatisfactory trial, but it subsequently turned out that, owing to her foot having been pricked in shoeing, she was suffering from lameness. Next in favour to Ischia were Tormentor and Mr. Naylor's Wild Briar, the latter of whom, on the strength of a rumoured high trial with Monarch of the Glen, came with a rush in the betting, and at one time was backed at the short price of 5 to 1; but on the morning of the race it was whispered that she had shown symptoms of lameness, and she gradually receded to 25 to 1 offered. The Mayonaise filly, by King Tom, who was also said to have done well in private, and La Dauphine, received a fair share of support; but Elfeta, notwithstanding all that had been said and written in her favour during the early part of the year by the tipsters—we beg pardon, "Turf Analysts"—and her alleged superiority to her former stable companion, Repulse, was perfectly friendless at an outside price. The field, taken as a whole, was unquestionably far below the average of previous years, the majority being little better than platers; indeed, in our opinion they were the most moderate lot we have seen since 1862. During the brief preliminary inspection in the paddock the favourite, Ischia, naturally attracted most attention, albeit she seemed to create anything but a favourable impression; her light

loins, narrow chest, and generally weedy look being the subject of no little criticism. Her best performance as a two-year-old was in the Convivial Stakes at the York August Meeting, when she defeated Stratheonan and Vespasian, who ran respectively second and third, together with Auguste, and one or two others. She also won the Filly Sapling Stakes at the same Meeting, and a sweepstakes of 200 sovs. at Goodwood, Lord Stamford's Valeria being second to her on both occasions; but she showed very indifferently at the Newmarket First October, not being placed in the Triennial Produce Stakes won by Esca. Her only public appearance as a three-year-old was in the 100 sovs. Plate at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, when she finished a bad third behind Brendalbane and Saccharometer.

Tormentor, the second favourite, also came in for a considerable share of observation. She is a bay filly by King Tom out of Torment, and was purchased, when a yearling, at the late Mr. Greville's sale by her present owner, for the small sum of 71 guineas. She has nothing in the shape of good looks to recommend her, being a remarkably plain filly, more especially about the head, but she is furnished with very muscular shoulders, and possesses prominent hips and great depth of girth. She commenced her two-year-old career very indifferently, being badly beaten both at Egham and Doncaster, but later in the season she displayed much better form. At the Lincoln Autumn Meeting she won the Carlholme Stakes; and, though defeated in a most unaccountable manner in the Lindum Nursery, at the same Meeting, by the plater Aldcroft, from whom she was in the receipt of 8 lbs., she subsequently, at the Liverpool Autumn, proved her quality by carrying off both the Knowsley and Liverpool Nurseries, defeating Treasure Trove, the Metropolitan winner, on both occasions—in the former at even weights, and in the latter giving him 2 lbs. Her last public appearance was at the Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting, when she won the Salopian Stakes, beating Miss Harriette by a neck. Among the others, the most fancied were La Dauphine—a fine, symmetrical-looking filly, but possessing a reputation little in accordance with her looks—Mother of Pearl, Wild Briar, and the Mayonnaise filly. The last-named was, in our opinion, the best-looking animal in the paddock, possessing great length and substance, and showing unmistakable indications of both speed and stamina. Mirella, the third in the One Thousand, had greatly improved since her performance at Newmarket, but Elfeta, the former hope of the Hambleton party, was so palpably out of condition that she might as well have been left in the paddock, as far as her chances in the race were concerned. After the usual preliminary canter, the competitors took up their position at the starting-post—the field being now reduced to seventeen out of the twenty-three originally coloured on the card, by the withdrawal of Hasketon Maid, Repulse, Hopvine, Lass o' Gowrie, Queen of Holland, and Pas de Charge. Everything being in readiness, Mr. McGeorge succeeded in marshalling them in line without further delay, and after one false attempt, the flag fell to a capital start. Mother of Pearl and La Dauphine were the first to show in front, but at the top of the hill Mirella took up the running, closely followed by Tormentor, Elfeta, Lady Vane, Wild Briar, Proserpine, and Ischia. At the three-quarter mile post Mother of Pearl gave way, and La Dauphine took the lead, which she maintained to Tattenham Corner, but fell back beaten on entering the straight. At the distance, the race clearly lay between Mirella and Tormentor—the former having slightly the best of it; but half-way home Tormentor succeeded in heading her opponent, and after a splendid set-to between the pair at the finish won cleverly by half a length, Ischia being third and only a head behind Mr. Merry's filly. If any reliance is to be placed on public running, the position of Mirella at the finish, only half a length behind the winner, would seem to prove that the race must have been a certainty for the Danebury stable had Repulse come fit and well to the post, since in the Thousand Guineas Mirella was beaten at least three lengths from Bayonette, who could only secure second place to the Marquis of Hastings's fine filly. This will further confirm the opinion we have expressed on the very moderate quality of the animals; indeed, it was commonly remarked that a Regalia or Fille de l'Air would have had little difficulty in spread-eagling the whole field. On the other hand, however, it should not be forgotten that Mirella was greatly improved, as she finished at least a hundred yards in advance of Monitress, who beat her by a head in the Dee Stakes at the late Chester Meeting. The struggle at the finish was highly interesting, the winner being ridden with great judgment by Mann, who scored his first Oaks victory; but with this exception the race was unusually uneventful, and calls for but little in the way of either comment or description.

In all other respects, however, the Ladies' Day at Epsom must be pronounced a decided success. The weather was delightfully fine and warm, presenting a most agreeable contrast to the dull leaden skies and bitter east wind of the Derby Day; and the comparative absence of dust and roughs was not the least enjoyable feature of the meeting. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Teek, came down by the road; but the great attraction of the day was the show of toilets on the Grand Stand, which presented a perfect rainbow blaze of millinery, *à propos* of which we may remark that the attendance of the ladies was the largest on record since the Oaks was a race. Whether this is to be ascribed to the fineness of the weather—which is probable; or to the increased popularity of sport among the sex—which is

possible; or to the operation of some subtle element of the *varium et mutabile*—which is likewise conceivable; we will not attempt to determine.

REVIEWS.

CHATELARD.*

ONE cannot help wondering how much of the admiration and popularity which Mr. Swinburne has won is the result of a true appreciation of his very striking powers, and how much is due to a nervous dread, in the minds of critics and readers, of repeating the harsh mistake of which their ancestors were guilty towards Lord Byron. If the success of *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Chastelard* is a measure of the public sympathy with the distinguishing spirit and genius of the poet, with his sensuous colouring and his audacious passionateness, a great deal of what is thought and said about our thin-blooded Puritanic temper ought to be seriously reconsidered. The catholicity and expansiveness of the national taste must, in this case, be far wider and stronger than it would seem to be from analogy with its judgment in other fields than poetry. Even in poetry, things happen now and again to fill us with misgivings as to the solidity of the progress that is supposed to have been made in popular criticism. It is not so many months since a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* felt it necessary to apologize, with repeated bowings and cringes to his audience, for calling their attention to Mr. Browning, as one not altogether without a spice of poetic originality. Is it not probable, therefore, that the public has for once been so affected by the contemptuous or abusive language that has been lavishly poured out upon it in recent times, as to have made up its mind to fall down and offer indiscriminate homage to all those idols which in its heart it still cannot help dreading, or detesting, or else simply wondering at, half in alarm, half from shyness and ignorance? So much has been said about the "mealy-mouthed vices and the unsound virtues" of the national character, that English men and women have resolved to show themselves to be no longer such as their forefathers were. Still there must be a certain awkwardness in their admiration for *Chastelard*, as in the artificial undauntedness of a very shy young curate taken in company into a gallery of undraped and unutilized statues. That noble and robust simplicity which is naked and not ashamed, the loss of which was the first curse that fastened upon fallen man, does not return in a moment, nor at a mere wish. And to minds trained, as most English minds are, though in different degrees, in habits of Hebrew austerity and rigour, it is not easy to recover a blithe and pure and liberal enjoyment of the infinitely varied play of human emotion, of the exuberant delights of sense, of all the energies of passion. It is quite true that some of the most elementary conditions of civilization are bound up in the careful government of these delights, and the assiduous discipline of these energies. A process of reaction, not hard to understand, has driven Mr. Swinburne into some forgetfulness of the value of this highly material qualification of the rightful love of all the gifts that nature has put in our hands to enjoy. He has passed, in *Chastelard* at all events, to the verge and border of a moral region where some of the most valuable growths of civilization would be mortally choked. But as the more common tendency is towards the other extreme of confounding a moderating rule and discipline over passion and the joys of sense with their violent extirpation as things pestilent and to be ashamed of, Mr. Swinburne's excess may be judged leniently. Human nature has been so starved and shrivelled on this side, that it is not worth while to quarrel with the accidental extravagances of those who promise in due time to do something to enrich and strengthen what has hitherto been the weaker part of modern culture.

But its relation to some of the too squeamish moral ideas of our time is only a secondary aspect of *Chastelard*, and one of which the writer was probably not more than half conscious. It is as an exhibition of a very rare creative energy that his drama is most remarkable. Judged by the ordinary dramatic canons, it has one great defect. There is scarcely any incident at all; the movement outside the minds of the actors is just enough, and barely enough, to keep up the play of character. So slight indeed is this external movement that it is not until a third or even a fourth reading that one sees all its precise and close correspondence with the gusts and changes of passion in the chief personage in the drama. *Chastelard* himself, though drawn with complete delicacy and finish, is in truth only a subordinate person in the play, and is almost commonplace in comparison with his mistress. Mr. Swinburne presumed that the figure of a passionate lover, full of gracious courtesy and gentle knightly virtues and unbounded devotion, was so familiar as to be scarcely worthy the foremost place on his canvass. This is assigned to the beautiful, inhuman, bright Mary Stuart, whose character he has conceived with inexhaustible subtlety and depth, and represented with a rarely equalled perfection of light and colour and fire. But, powerful as this conception is as a poetic creation, we question whether the poet has not put more upon it than even its power could endure. The restless energy with which in each act he tracks a new winding of her nature is admirable enough, but

* *Chastelard. A Tragedy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Edward Moxon & Co. 1865.

even the force of all this is gravely lessened for lack of contrast and variety. The palate gets cloyed and the ear wearied. The occasional dialogues among the Queen's Maries are too much in the same key and time as the chief movement. It is not until we come to the opening scene of the fifth act, where the citizens are gossiping by the scaffold, that we get any relief, and then it is too late to be effective. It is true that Darnley, with his coarseness and rude lack of generosity of temper and speech, is meant to offer a contrast to the nobleness and magnanimity of Chastelard. But Darnley is too little on the scene to bring this strongly out; and even when he is present, we feel little more about him than that he is a whetstone, used with splendid ingenuity, we admit, for sharpening the edge of the Queen's keen and destructive nature. We want grave-diggers, or clowns, or even the conventional "old retainers," to relieve for five minutes the lurid glare of passion at white heat. Ever so little humour, ever so little pathos, would have served to tone down the uniformity of steel-like glitter and glowing fiery heat and endless voluptuous joys. The episode of Mary Beaton's love for Chastelard seemed at first designed to supply the want we have tried to define, but she too is drawn with a certain hardness. Whether this blemish, for such it seems to us, is the result of an inherent weakness and narrowness of Mr. Swinburne's poetic capacity, or is due to the fascination wrought unconsciously upon him by the contemplation of Mary Stuart's bright and cruel nature, it is as yet impossible to tell. Even Chastelard's character suffers from this prevailing hardness. In the prison scene, where Mary is with him just before he is led out to execution, he is seized by the thought that after he is dead his help will be no more at her side:—

It may be, long time after I am dead,
For all you are, you may see bitter days;
God may forget you or be wroth with you:
Then shall you lack a little help of me,
And I shall feel your sorrow touching you,
A happy sorrow, though I may not touch:
I that would fain be turned to flesh again,
Fain get back life to give up life for you,
To shed my blood for help, that long ago
You shed and were not helpen: and your heart
Will ache for help and comfort, yea for love,
And find less love than mine—for I do think
You never will be loved thus in your life.

The idea is not new, but it is in itself touching enough. Only no pathetic impression is allowed to linger on the spectator's mind. The sense of tenderness and elevation is destroyed by harsh images and longings of the flesh:—

Men must love you in life's spite;
For you will always kill them; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead; yea, though you would,
You shall not spare one; all will die of you;
I cannot tell what love shall do with these,
But I for all my love shall have no might
To help you more, mine arms and hands no power
To fasten on you more. This cleaves my heart,
That they shall never touch your body more.

The same thought is found in Mr. Browning's *Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. Mertoun says, as Chastelard might have done, "Loving her lowers me down the bloody slope to death," until he remembers that Mildred is left alone:—

Can I lie at rest
With rude speech spoken to you, ruder deeds
Done to you? heartless men to have my heart,
And I tied down with grave-clothes and the worm;
Aware perhaps of every blow—oh God!—
Upon those lips, yet of no power to tear
The felon stripe by stripe? Die, Mildred! Leave
Their honourable world to them!

There is a half-disinterested tenderness of thought here, to which Chastelard's voluptuousness has hardened him. This overdone fleshliness, however, ought not to make us insensible to the melody of Mr. Swinburne's verse, or the brilliancy of his images, or the general vigour and energy of nearly every scene: and if we reflect on the rarity and worth of this kind of vigour, most grounds of dispraise seem insignificant. The sustained and elastic strength of the Fourth Act, in which the turns and windings of Mary's will as to Chastelard's death are drawn out—her perplexity, ruthlessness, contempt for a weak man and for a cruel unknighly man, fear of public scorn, remorse for her love, vindictive bitterness against Darnley, all chasing one another over her mind with the subtlest changes—make one of the most superb scenes for which a drama of character gives room. We feel that the writer is rejoicing in his own skill in unravelling the changeable mysteries of a highly complex character. He exults in his mastery over the Queen's rapid passage from one mood to another, and in the magic by which he can produce and control her Protean transformations. It is not Mr. Swinburne's fault if lack of sympathy with such feats makes a good many people find his exaltation in his own cleverness and power a little tedious. The closing passage in which the Queen, weary and angry with herself and her counsellors, apparently resolves to let her love have way over her regard for fame, is worthy of what works up to it. Perhaps an earlier speech furnishes as good an illustration of the power of this remarkable scene as any detached passage can do. Darnley has just left her:—

Ah sweet, if God be ever good to me
To put you in my hand! I am come to shame;
Let me think now, and let my wits not go;
God, for dear mercy, let me not forget

Why I should be so angry; the dull blood
Beats at my face and blinds me—I am chafed to death,
And I am shamed; I shall go mad and die.
Truly I think I did kneel down, did pray,
Yea, weep (who knows?) it may be—all for that.
Yea, if I wept not, this was blood brake forth
And burnt mine eyelids; I will have blood back,
And wash them cool in the hottest of his heart,
Or I will slay myself: I cannot tell:
I have given gold for brass, and lo the pay
Cleaves to my fingers: there's no way to mend—
Not while life stays: would God that it were gone!
The fool will feed upon my fame and laugh;
Till one seal up his tongue and lips with blood,
He carries half my honour and good name
Between his teeth. Lord God, mine head will fall!
When have I done thus since I was alive?
And these ill times will deal but ill with me—
My old love slain, and never a new to help,
And my wits gone, and my blithe use of life,
And all the grace was with me. Love—perchance
If I save love I shall well save myself.
I could find heart to bid him take such fellows
And kill them to my hand. I was the fool
To sue to these and shame myself: Gods knows
I was a queen born, I will hold their heads
Here in my hands for this.

In another way Mr. Swinburne's power may be seen in Chastelard's reply to the Queen's question, whether "Love shall live after life in any man":—

Most sweet queen,
They say men dying remember, with sharp joy
And rapid reluctance of desire,
Some old thing, some swift breath of wind, some word,
Some sword-stroke or dead lute-strain, some lost sight,
Some sea-blossom stripped to the sun and burned
At naked ebb—some river-flower that breathes
Against the stream like a swooned swimmer's mouth—
Some tear or laugh ere lip and eye were man's—
Sweet things that struck the blood in riding—nay,
Some garment or sky-colour or spice-smell,
And die with heart and face shut fast on it,
And know not why, and weep not; it may be
Men shall hold love fast always in such wise
In new fair lives where all are new things else,
And know not why, and weep not.

And still better in the Queen's picture of the battle:—

Is it not pitiful
Our souls should be so bound about with flesh
Even when they leap and smite with wings and feet,
The least pain plucks them back, puts out their eyes,
Turns them to tears and words? Ah my sweet knight,
You have the better of us that weave and weep
While the blithe battle blows upon your eyes
Like rain and wind; yet I remember too
When this last year the fight at Corriche
Reddened the rushes with stained fen-water,
I rode with my good men and took delight,
Feeling the clear sweet wind upon my eyes
And rainy soft smells blown upon my face
In riding: then the great fight jarred and joined,
And the sound stung me right through heart and all;
For I was here, see, gazing off the hills,
In the wet air; our housings were all wet,
And not a plume stood stiffly past the ear
But flapped between the bridle and the neck;
And under us we saw the battle go
Like running water; I could see by fits
Some helm the rain fell shining off, some flag
Snap from the staff, shorn through or broken short
In the man's falling; yea, one seemed to catch
The very grasp of tumbled men at men,
Teeth clenched in throats, hands riveted in hair,
Tearing the life out with no help of swords.
And all the clamour seemed to shine, the light
Seemed to shout as a man doth; twice I laughed—
I tell you, twice my heart swelled out with thirst
To be into the battle.

One of the finest of Chastelard's images is found when the Queen, in their last delicious interview, seized with a passing pity at his approaching end, feels that she too "shall die somehow sadly." Chastelard replies:—

This is pure grief;
The shadow of your pity for my death,
Mere foolishness of pity: all sweet moods
Throw out such little shadows of themselves,
Leave such light fears behind.

In his preface to a little volume of selections from Byron, which has recently appeared, Mr. Swinburne says very justly that neither Byron nor Shelley was content to play with the skirts or puddle in the shallows of nature. "Their passion is perfect, a fierce and blind desire which exalts and impels their verse into the high places of emotion and expression. They feed upon nature with a holy hunger, following her with a divine lust as of gods chasing the daughters of men. Wind and fire, the cadences of thunder and the clamours of the sea, gave to them no less of sensual pleasure than of spiritual sustenance." This is truer of Shelley than of Byron, but, with certain qualifications, is an eloquent account of the writer's own poetic temper. Only in Chastelard they are scarcely the high places of emotion into which his verse has been exalted and impelled. He leaves those lofty seats of passion, where the mind is exhilarated and inspired as by the winds that sweep from over the unmeasured waste of the sea, and betakes himself into tropical swamps of passion, where everything is sweltering in fierce and consuming heat, where there are uncouth destructive monsters,

and where even the flowers and plants are of a size and form to fill men with fear. That he should be able to breathe freely and gladly in this burning, fiery furnace, as he does in *Chastelard*, is proof of a vigour which may hereafter do wonderful things. But in the midst of this vigour there has as yet been no sign in Mr. Swinburne's writing of that great quality without which genius is worth so little to the world. It is not easy to find an adequate name for this very salt of genius. Perhaps Beneficence is as good as any that we are likely to find, and by it is meant the enlarged and humane sympathy with all happiness, whether of man or beast, or bird or creeping thing, the lofty fervent pity for all the pain of body and pain of soul endured among sentient creatures, and, above all, the strong enthusiasm for all that has been done to add to the stock of happiness, and to take away somewhat from the stock of anguish, in the world. This genial breath of life it is the business of the poet above all others to breathe into men. It is this beneficence which makes Victor Hugo, to whom Mr. Swinburne, in generous but rather inflated words, has dedicated *Chastelard*, so vastly pre-eminent among the poets of the time. His "passion and power in dealing with the higher things of nature, with her large issues and remote sources," would be very sublime in any case, but their nobleness is enlarged and enriched a thousandfold by what we have called his spirit of beneficence. The greatest of poets are neither mere subtle-minded vivacious elves and sprites, frisking about in the heated places of passion simply for the joy of frisking, nor mere giants, surveying all life indifferently as Epicurean Gods. It would be premature to say that Mr. Swinburne's capacity does not extend thus far, but there is some reason for suspecting that here, in point of beneficence and large human sympathies, there is a weak side.

DEAN GRANVILLE'S REMAINS.*

WE have, as far as we know, regularly reviewed the *Surtess Society's* publications for several years past, but we do not clearly remember the former volume of *Dean Granville's Remains*, with a biographical sketch, of which mention is made in the preface to the present volume. However, the present volume is fairly intelligible by itself, and it tells us a great deal, not only about the Dean, who was not in himself a very remarkable person, but about the state of ecclesiastical matters, especially in the diocese of Durham, between the Restoration and the Revolution. In this point of view the book is important, and the character of *Dean Granville*, as drawn by himself, is often not a little amusing.

Denis Granville's best chance of immortality is to be found in a sentence of Lord Macaulay's, where he is picked out for notice among those who claved stedfastly to James the Second, who sacrificed everything in his cause, and yet were treated by him little better than dogs because they claved no less stedfastly to their Protestant faith. Such men, whatever we may think of their wisdom, certainly gave the strongest proofs of their sincerity. A man must have had a very strong conviction of the goodness of any cause before he gave up the Deanery of Durham on its behalf. This Granville did, and he gave up other valuable preferment as well, rather than take the oaths to William and Mary. He followed James into exile, and a good many of the letters belong to this last period of his life. But the larger and more important part of the collection belongs to earlier times, when, first as Archdeacon and then as Dean, Granville was a vigorous assertor of the discipline of the Church of England. He was evidently thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly anxious to reform everything that he looked on as an abuse. But he was no less evidently fussy and self-important, and too much disposed to bring everything under cut and dried rules. We shrink somewhat from a man who writes elaborate papers about the management of his household, the conduct of his curates, the conduct of his nephew, and a vast number of other things besides. We know that this was, to some extent, the fashion of the age, but surely Granville carried it further than most other people. Ever and anon the Archdeacon of Durham reminds us of a much earlier Archdeacon of St. David's. Granville certainly had not Giraldu's cleverness, but he had all Giraldu's zeal, all Giraldu's vanity, all Giraldu's meddlesomeness, and a certain measure of Giraldu's ill luck. He did not indeed, like Giraldu, spend his whole life in striving after a particular great office and never getting in, for preferment seemed to drop into his mouth without much trouble on his part. But then he had, unlike Giraldu, to part with all his preferment when he had got it, and, like Giraldu, he was by no means able to carry out all the reforms which he wished for. Also he seems to have spent most of his life in a state of what used to be called "debt," but which, for the sake of multiplying syllables, it is now more fashionable to call "indebtedness." This last form of bad luck was partly owing to a cause on which Giraldu would have been in two minds. Granville was married to a daughter of his Diocesan, Bishop Cosin, a no less vigorous assertor of ecclesiastical correctness than himself. But the orthodox Bishop and the orthodox Archdeacon, however they might pull together for the good of the Church, were far from pulling comfortably together in domestic matters. Mrs. Granville proved to be liable to

fits of insanity, about which we have the reports of contemporary physicians in professional Latin. Also her father is said to have forgotten to pay her marriage portion, which aggravated Granville's difficulties as to money. The following extract shows how Granville's case seemed to his faithful servant, John Proud, and it is also curious on other grounds:—

Far be it for me to reflect upon soe great a man as Bishop Cosins, to whom my good Master paid so great a difference [deference] in matters of Church government that he made him a patterne to goe by in that particular. But it cannot be denied but that illustrious champion of the Church of England was misled in his temporalls by the great ascendant his daughter the Lady Gerrard had over him; and by whom her husband, (and the Dean's utter enemy) Sir Gilbert Gerrard, wrecked all his spite upon the good Deane. And by the way I must say something in excuse for this great weakness of the Bishopp's (viz.) to be carried away with a boystrous mad woman, Lady Gerrard, as I have heard it related by the Deane and others;—and that was, that during the cursed rebellion of Olliver, when all the orthodox loyall Clergy were forced to fly out of the kingdom, this lady procured her father, Dr. Cosins, then in France, soe much money amongst the cavaliers in England, as made him live soe well in France that he supported the grandeur of his character and the honour of the Church of England in that popish country to admiration, in an open Chappell at Paris with the solemnity of a cathedrall service. How far this will account for the putting of his mad daughter upon the Deane for a wife I cannot say, but sure I am it ruin'd him in all his temporall affairs, yet nevertheless he was the best of husbands to her, and took all imaginable care for her recovery. Shee was a very pious good woman, and the best of all her sisters (that I knew) in the intervals of her distemper, which lessened as she grew older. He had noe [issue] by her, which I often heard him bless God for."

On one occasion the King was called on to mediate between the disputants, at which Mr. Orreby seems a little needlessly surprised. The *Calendars of State Papers* show how people in those days constantly applied to the King or his Ministers about everything; nothing which concerned any of his subjects could be foreign to the duty of the common Father of his People. But how would disputes between the Bishop and Archdeacon of Durham, disputes about the affairs of the daughter of the Bishop and the wife of the Archdeacon, have looked in the eyes of Giraldu? The reformer of the twelfth century would have been officially bound to look on such a state of things as altogether monstrous, and we know that he did bear his testimony against a state of things not essentially different. But we also know that, in one unguarded moment, he let out the conviction of his heart of hearts, that the constrained celibacy of the clergy was an invention of the Devil.

But the real interest of the book lies in the picture which it gives us of the ideas and course of action of a strong High Churchman and rigorous disciplinarian of those days. *Dean Granville's* notions would not exactly suit any of our theological parties at the present day. In one and the same very remarkable paper, a collection of instructions for penitents, he puts forth strong views on confession and absolution; but presently, when he comes to examine into the faith of his penitents, he requires them to commit themselves to strong positions against the Pope and to strong positions in favour of foreign Protestants. The several parts of this paper would find warm admirers among various theological schools, but there is certainly now no school, and perhaps not many individual divines, who would swallow all the positions in it with equal relish. But there is no sort of logical contradiction. A high view of priestly powers is one dogma; that the priestly powers, whatever they are, can be conferred only by one particular kind of ordination is another dogma. In our own day the two dogmas commonly go together, but neither of them necessarily implies the other. A man may hold the highest theory of priestly powers, and yet hold that those powers may be conferred through an ordination by Presbyters. Another may hold much lower views of the powers themselves and yet hold that none but a Bishop can convey any spiritual power at all. With regard to ritual matters, Granville is very strict, but, after all, he does not ask for very much. He wishes to carry out the directions of the Prayer-Book and to get rid of various prevalent abuses. But it is very curious to see what those abuses are. Some are practices with which everybody is familiar; some are practices which are fast going out of use. For instance, he is very strenuous to have baptisms and churchings performed in public. We need not say how great a change in Granville's direction has taken place on these points within our own memory. But some of the abuses are things which now nobody thinks of doing, and which seem utterly incomprehensible. What could have been the inducement to interpolate portions of the office for the Visitation of the Sick into the ordinary Morning and Evening Prayers? No one of any party would now think of doing any such unaccountable thing; but it is an abuse against which Granville has to fight more than once. So, again, some clergymen seem to have left out and altered portions of the service at their own discretion, in a way which would now offend Low Church congregations hardly less than High. He is zealous for daily prayer everywhere, and, above all, for weekly Communion, especially in Cathedral churches. The restoration of this usage, about which the rubric is certainly clear and without possibility of controversy, seems to have been the great object of Granville's life. Yet, though he shows throughout a strong High Church tendency, though, except in the matter of the foreign-Protestants, he shows no sympathy with the Puritans, there is no trace of advanced ritualism in anything that he enforces. Copes were used in Durham Cathedral long after Granville's time, but he shows no wish to impose their use, or any kindred uses, anywhere else. There is a rather remarkable passage in which, starting

* *The Remains of Denis Granville, D.D., Dean and Archdeacon of Durham, &c., being a further selection from his Correspondence, Diaries, and other Papers.* Published for the [Surtess] Society, by Andrews & Co., Durham, &c. 1865.

from the practice of bowing on entering the choir, he discusses the difference between cathedral and parochial worship:—

I am not of opinion, I confess, that a Parochial Church and Congregation will bear all that external order and reverence which is commendable and fit to be practised in a Cathedral, Collegiate Church, or College in the University, where there are not only always a Body of Clergy, but the people generally more knowing and refined, and such from whom more may justly be expected, they being not so apt to be scandalized as the vulgar. It is as reasonable to expect that the solemnity of God's worship may be greater in some Churches than it is in others, as it is, that all Churches should not be alike august as to the fabric and building. In the capital City of a Country or Diocese, and the See of a Bishop or an Archbishop, where the peoples' houses are more than ordinary stately and sumptuous, it is decent to be, and just to expect, that God's House be so too. In meaner townes and villages, where the buildings are meaner, the people poorer, lesse beautiful places of worship may be allowed of, provided the Church be, as it always ought to be, the best house in the Parish. . . . By which it appears, methinks, that Parochial Service should be less pompous than Cathedral; and lesse bodily reverence may there be expected from Priest and People: provided that all those decent gestures and postures are observed which are expressly enjoined by the Common Prayer Booke, and which are equally obligatory to Parish Churches and Cathedrals. Such ceremonies, tho' in themselves very decent and edifying, that have no foundation but on the practice of the Church, or only on such laws which will not bear the test of a legal examination in a Court of Judicature, cannot be imposed by a Priest on his people, with any great zeale and authority, or indeed practised by himself in this unruly age without great prudence and moderation.

In this passage, however, Granville seems quite to forget what is generally held to be an orthodox doctrine—namely, that the cathedral should set the standard, to which the parish church should approach as far as it can, though it may not be able to do so perfectly.

Soon after this follows a curious letter "from a young Gentleman, Student in the Inns of Court, to a Reverend Divine in the country, complaining of Ministers' irregularity in the City of London, &c. in point of conformity." The young gentleman is at least as strict as the Dean himself, and can hardly find a church in London to suit him:—

These things alone do create a great deal of disturbance to my mind, for it causeth mee to trot up and down to the prejudice of my health, as well as my affairs, on Sundayes as well as weekdaies, for the satisfaction of an intire service performed exactly according to the Rubrick, without any exercise of the prudence of a private man, which does, methinks, but sully a Divine office of public compure and authority. Which is a felicity which I cannot yet discover in all London, tho' blessed be God, London is metamorphosed exceedingly for the better in point of conformity both of Priest and people.

It is from this young gentleman that we learn a good many of the curious forms of irregularity of which we have already spoken. Notwithstanding all laws and canons, it is impossible to avoid a certain sympathy with those who "cut off the preparatory exhortation, *Dear Beloved Brethren*"—an insertion, we may add, of the Second Book of King Edward, and for which the insular orthodoxy of the First Book is not responsible. But here we get also the incomprehensible people who, so to speak, visited the sick in public:—

A third brings in part of the Visitation Office, commanded to be said in the sick man's presence, into the public congregation, and sometimes with soe much impertinence and indiscreet additions of his own, by reason of the multitude of Bills that are brought to the ministers here in our City, that besides the severall disturbances occasioned by sundry hiatus's, by the surprisall of the Minister with some Bills, to which he knows not what to say, I have often blush'd for the Minister's sake, to see him introduce a practice voluntarily on his own head and to manage it with soe little discretion, and as I humbly conceive not at all to edification. A fourth adds very formally a preface of his own to the recital of the Creed, tho' hee would not allow of one of the Church's to the whole service. A fifth jumbles both first and second service together, cutting off not only the concluding prayer of St. Chrysostome, and the *Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*, but also our Lord's Prayer in the front of the Communion Office, which I have always look'd on as an extraordinary piece of boldnesse.

Dean Granville, as we have said, did everything by rule. Here are his regulations as to morning visitors:—

That when any of the aforesaid friends come at any time to the Deanery, they would freely (unless when the Prebends are with me) walk into the parlour without an introducer, and rest themselves there till the person attending in the hall gives me advertisement in the study. It being my desire that none but my bretheren the Prebends would advance farther and come into the dining room, unless I send for them.

Granville's love of legislation extended itself to his curates, an order who seem to have given as much trouble then as they do now. We get minute accounts of a curate's duties, and biographies of the particular curates under whom he himself suffered. In a "Lenten Address or letter of counsel," to one pair of curates, he trembles between the comic and the pathetic:—

All my Curates have been, I thank God, (I meane the priests) exemplary in their lives and discharge of their office in comparison of other Curates: I will always be soe just to them as to acknowledge it. But on the other side I must be soe just to myselfe and flocks as to affirme that they have none of them been soe exemplary as I did expect at their hands, and as I verily believe in my conscience they ought to have been. 'Tis possible some may be apt enough to thinke, and may chance say, that the Archdeacon has not been soe himselfe. I confess it is true, but that is not under any of their cognizance, and therefore they must let that alone in the dispute. The Archdeacon, for his part, does resolve and will take care, by the grace of God, to be more exemplary, both in his life and office, and particularly in governing and managing his Curates; and if they will resolve and endeavour to doe the same in their respective places, our quarrell will be at an end, otherwise it may last a great while, for I have some things against every one that is or hath been a Curate.

Granville was so loyal a subject that he was greatly surprised at anybody objecting to read His Majesty's Declaration in 1688. It seems to have been read in 20 churches in the Bishopric out of

65; an unusually large average, we should think, but we should remember that the Bishop, Lord Crewe (who figures in Lord Macaulay's pages), was one of those who read it and tried to get it read. Here are the Dean's comments:—

Not one Major or Minor canon resident in the Cathedral could be prevailed with to read his Majesty's Declaration. But nothing is yet done, the Bishop remaining still at Auckland, tho' this seems to me very great contempt of authority.

Mr. C. and the rest of the Clergy of the City refused, tho' the Bishop enjoined them, and spoke in particular to them.

In the Diocese also, I hear, it will be generally refused, unless it be here and there by some very few.

'Twas read I am told at Brancepeth, Barnard Castle and South Church. I am mightily surprised at this unexpressed spirit of opposition.

The volume contains a great deal more that is highly interesting in its way. It shows, among other things, how much the memoranda, letters, &c., even of quite second or third-rate people may help to illustrate history. In fact, had Granville been a greater man, his remains might not have illustrated history so much as they do. It was because he was rather a small man, and was constantly occupied with small matters, that he has preserved some of the most curious details as to the ecclesiastical life of his age that we ever came across.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.*

"WHY do crime and misery exist?" asks Miss or Mrs. McKean, and she assures us that we shall find a satisfactory answer to this rather wide question in her condensation of Mr. Carey's philosophy. Unluckily, we know too well the afflicting stuff which passes current under the title of Social Science to have any sanguine anticipations of the solution of the tremendous problem. And especially we know what hopeless entanglements, what infinite jumble and mess and dislocation, beset the theories of Social Science philosophers when they are attracted by the fatal charms of Political Economy. The terms used in that study look so intelligible to every one who has been, or is capable of being, a banker's clerk or a small tradesman, that the Social Science philosopher is irresistibly tempted to play with them as a child plays with mathematical instruments. And then there is an enticing facility of covering up weak places by the most magnificent phraseology, of talking about social organisms, and inexorable laws of human nature, and so forth; and, in short, of using a great deal of very fine language at the price of very little thought. We know the result which too commonly follows. A strange medley of fallacies, of frothy declamation, of tortured statistics and dogmatic assumptions, is beaten up together and served out to us as a new revelation. We had, however, some better hopes of Mr. Carey. He is referred to with respect by Mr. Mill, and his book was till lately—though now, we believe, omitted—one of the text-books used for the Moral Sciences Tripos at Cambridge. We therefore began the book with some hopes that, if not sound, there would be some new views of accepted truths, or, at the worst, some new and ingenious fallacies. There are worse intellectual exercises than unravelling the puzzles invented by a skilful sophist. We were, however, grievously disappointed. Mr. Carey is one of those pestilent writers who catch up just enough scientific phraseology to give a superficial coating of science to their pages. They are like savages who have stolen bits of European dress, and, not knowing how to use them, go about in perfect complacency exhibiting the most ridiculous contrasts of barbaric finery. Let us quote one or two of Mr. Carey's incidental utterances. "Force," he tells us, "is compounded of matter and motion"; "combination is motion, and motion gives force"; "increase of force results from increased rapidity of motion"; or, to take an example of a different kind, "commerce, association, and society are different modes of expressing the same idea." There are certain real dynamical propositions not altogether unlike the first three statements, although we cannot quite guess what he means by saying that "combination is motion"; but the slipshod way in which he manages to invert cause and effect, and to use "is" in the same sense as "has something to do with," shows that he cannot even know what is meant by accurate language. This prepares us for the marvellous remark that commerce and society are different ways of expressing the same idea, or for such precious aphorisms as that utility is the measure of man's power over nature, and value the measure of nature's power over man. These are very brave words, but when we try to extract any definite meaning from them they collapse. It is not that they do not dimly hint at certain very obvious truths, but in the effort to become grand and philosophical, and to use fine abstract words, the meaning becomes hopelessly vague. When a man attempts to reason with terms defined after this fashion, he naturally gets into confusion; it is like attempting to paint a miniature with a mop instead of a brush; it produces a vague daub, which we cannot assert to be exactly wrong, because we cannot quite say what it indicates. Mr. Carey, indeed, relieves this sham philosophy by alternations of the most dogmatic practical assertion. What his assertions come to we shall show directly, but we may first point out the singular incapacity of a man who uses language with this reckless vagueness, to understand the accurate language of really precise writers. Mr. Carey

* *Manual of Social Science, being a Condensation of the "Principles of Social Science" of H. C. Carey.* By Kate McKean. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird. 1865.

is always ranting about the "Ricardo-Malthusian" theory in terms which show that he has totally mistaken the meaning both of Malthus and Ricardo. Thus he seriously believes that the "Malthusian school" hold it to be a scientific law that population increases faster than the means of subsistence. The population of England, he says, was about 2,400,000 at the close of the fourteenth century, and yet "a single family could, at the rate supposed by the Malthusian school to be the law of growth, have risen in that time to thousands of millions." The misapprehension upon which this assertion rests has been continually exposed in every text-book from Mr. Malthus's time to the present. Mr. Carey, however, invariably puts this perverse construction upon it, and infers that Malthus believed in the progressive deterioration of the human race—a statement which, as it appears that he has read part at least of Malthus's book, is totally incompatible either with a belief in Mr. Carey's candour or with a belief in his intelligence. The most curious thing, however, is that Mr. Carey himself argues in a manner which is identical with Malthus's, showing that in a high state of civilization prudential restraints prevent an over-increase of population, and in the same breath maintaining that he is confuting Malthus's "philosophy of despair." One bit of reasoning (which, as contained in a note, is perhaps due to Miss McKean) is too neat to be omitted. It is said to be a marvellous illustration of the restorative powers of nature, that though the early wars of the eighteenth century had caused a deficiency in the supply of men as compared with women, yet at the opening of the Revolution the numbers had been restored. Because in one generation there are more women than men, the author seems to fancy that the same would naturally be the case in the next generation, which might be true if the sexes multiplied independently.

In attacking Ricardo, Mr. Carey falls into a blunder similar to the blunder about Malthus, and one which Mr. Mill has thought it worth his while to expose. Mr. Carey has taken elaborate pains to prove that the lighter soils would be generally occupied before the richer; because, as he himself explains, the labour of clearing the forest and draining the swamps is beyond the means of the early settler. Some illustrations of this principle are given, and more would have been interesting. When, however, he attempts to infer that this would upset, or in any way affect, Mr. Ricardo's theory of rent, he is obviously wrong; it would at most affect certain unguarded statements of that theory, which has not, properly speaking, any reference to the historical development of agriculture, but merely to contemporary cultivators. If for "fertile soils" in the common statement of the theory, we substitute "soils which make the greatest returns to labour," we shall include all the cases which Mr. Carey has pointed out. Mr. Carey has, however, obstinately perverted Mr. Ricardo's theory into a form which is not only inaccurate, but has been constantly and explicitly disavowed, if not by Ricardo (whom Mr. Carey does not seem to have read through), by Mr. Mill and others whom he has read. He would force Ricardo to say that there is a constant tendency in agricultural produce to become less, and consequently for the cultivators of the soil to become more miserable. This twisting of a hypothetical statement of what would happen under certain conditions into an historical declaration that it always has happened, is precisely the same blunder that Mr. Carey has made about Malthus. Both the authors referred to pointed out certain evils which would result from an unrestricted growth of population upon a limited area in the absence of improved skill in production. Mr. Carey (after having apparently read at least Mr. Mill's careful explanation of these qualifications) makes them declare that, as a matter of fact and of necessity, those evils are constantly resulting in all countries. We will add that, as he has appropriated Malthus's real argument after assailing the argument which he erroneously imputes to Malthus, he has done much the same for Ricardo. He brags about his discovery that price approximates to the cost of reproduction, which is a mutilated form of Ricardo's theory of value, omitting the cases of monopoly; indeed, he appears to deny that value can be given by monopoly, and never mentions the law of supply and demand. Yet, with ingenious inconsistency, he remarks incidentally (or possibly Miss McKean remarks) that a rare copy of a picture is valuable because the value of objects that cannot be reproduced has no limit but the fancy of those who desire to possess them. This admits the whole of the ordinary theory, although he is unable to cling to it through more than four lines.

It is unnecessary to expose the innumerable blunders, swarming on every page, of a gentleman of this calibre. We may say that he deliberately believes in the balance of trade, and, to give one conclusive specimen of his argumentative power, that he argues as follows:—

Were it possible now that no more food should go hence to any part of the world, the European market would be relieved from the pressure by which it is kept down, the prices of food would rapidly advance, affording inducement to the extension of cultivation, and causing a demand for labour, with large increase of wages, and consequent increase in the power to purchase cloth. Agricultural wages would rise in price, rendering indispensable an increase in the wages of factory labour.

So that, whatever the cause of "crime and misery" may be, their cure would be found in erecting a permanent barrier between the corn-growers and the corn-consumers.

We have only space to indicate the main purpose of Mr. Carey's philosophical work. Shortly stated, it is that English policy is the cause of all the crime and misery; and that policy is expounded by Mr. Ricardo and Mr. Malthus, whose aim was to reduce the working-classes to slavery and starvation

in order to keep labour cheap—whence their theories of over-population. This policy has been remorselessly carried out by the wicked English practice of extending trade. Trade is, we should observe, something quite different from commerce, and means carrying other people's goods instead of exchanging them for your own. The villany of this is plain, when we reflect that the trader will gain more the further he has to carry, and will therefore try to separate producers from consumers—not, as might be thought, to bring them into connection. Acting on this diabolical principle, England has sucked dry the resources of every country she has encountered. India has been ruined because we have forced its inhabitants to take our manufactures, instead of allowing them to produce their own at greater cost. Ireland has been ruined by the Act of Union, because it has since been forbidden to protect itself by tariffs. Portugal is in a state of decay on account of the Methuen Treaty, all the obsolete tariffs of that country being unable to save it after it had once been contaminated. In short, England is like M. Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*, sucking the blood out of the veins and the marrow out of the bones of all the luckless nations it meets who do not guard themselves by a good protective tariff. The United States have been so far backsliding that Mr. Carey condemns them with extreme severity; but he wrote before the war, and probably sees hopes in the present system.

We need hardly point out that this is a mere repetition of the silliest prejudices of the pre-Adam Smithite period, tricked out with a few modern phrases. It is a great misfortune that the Americans have no home-grown critics of sufficient power to laugh Mr. Carey and his like out of the field; and that, from the rarity of such thorough training as that received in European Universities, they are easily imposed upon by a thin varnish of philosophical terms. But we hope that they may see through Mr. Carey; or that, at least, some one else will find out the trick of using big language, and use it, which is quite as easy, upon the other side.

OID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

MR. ROSE'S version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is distinguished by a peculiar characteristic from all similar efforts which the present taste for translation has called forth. The volume is not merely an effort to translate Ovid's poetry, but an essay in support of an hypothesis connected with Ovid's subject-matter. This latter character is derived from a large body of footnotes, in which, throughout the book, a singular theory is maintained with so much emphasis that the text is rendered subservient to the commentary. Instead of writing notes in order to elucidate his translation, Mr. Rose would appear to have translated in order to write notes; in the prominence of the controversial purpose, the artistic purpose disappears and is forgotten. It is necessary, then, to consider the book in two points of view—as the exponent of a theory, and as the translation of a poem. The theory in question may be stated as follows:—In Ovid's *Metamorphoses* there is no fiction, there is only disguised but veritable history. Pagan legends represent historical facts; that is to say, they represent successive phases of Pagan worship, and the order of their succession. "The sacred hill, the grove, the tumulus, the fire-altar, the dedicated fountain and its boulder rock or cippus, affording sanctuary or cursed with human blood"—these were the dark realities which appealed most strongly to the imagination of primeval man, and which gave rise to legends that spread through several different vernaculars. The legends, diffused through many languages, at length flowed together into the mythology of Greece, and, by a system of finding Greek etymologies for foreign sounds, were garbled and perplexed until the original significance was all but hopelessly overlaid. To recover that significance, however, does not appear to Mr. Rose quite a desperate undertaking; and his notes are designed to furnish the key to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* considered as the ecclesiastical history of Paganism. Thus we are told that the giants of Greek mythology "may all be traced to a tumulus of earth or pyramid of stone. . . . The heaping up of Olympus and Ossa and Pelion refers to the building of the tower which was to reach to heaven." Without noticing the fact that the name Phaethon is simply a participle, *φαῖδωρ*, "shining," Mr. Rose connects it with the Egyptian *On*:—

Phaet-on reads as the Mound of the Sun. We have Bomoi-on (?), Mounds of the Sun; and the Præneste pavement gives us five mounds in connection with the town of On (p. 29).

In a note further on (p. 43), we learn that "Mr. Loftus, in his *Chaldaea*," mentions a certain artificial mound near the ruins of Durine on the Persian Gulf. This mound is supposed to be very ancient, and to have been destroyed more than once by inundations. Here, then, Mr. Rose finds his clue to the story of Phaethon:—

This is Phaethon, the Mound of the Sun, which aspired to bear the Cippi, the four Cippi of the Sun, and punished (*sic*) for his presumption by being swept into the sea of Erythrae, the prototype of the Erythraean and Eridanus, and holding its just position among the constellations as the Persian Gulf.

Again, Calisto has something—Mr. Rose does not say precisely what—to do with solar worship; "the *sto* (in Calisto) being the 'dcho' or tumulus." The change of the fair Coronis into a crow symbolizes a transition from lunar to solar worship. The change

* Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Translated by John Beason Rose. London: Whittaker & Co. 1866.

of Ocyrhoë, daughter of Chiron, into a mare, points to a transition from sun-worship on mounds to sun-worship at sacred fountains, because Ocyrhoë's locks mean flames, and because the *eu* in Euiippe means water. This strange interpretation of the Greek *eu* finds place elsewhere in Mr. Rose's notes:—

Thus *Eumenides*, "water-loving powers," as *Œdipus* names them; *Euryome*, or the Rodigiosa Atargatis; the *Euxine* harbourless. There are others which fall as naturally under this head; *Europa*, *Euphrates*, and *Helen Eupateria*; albeit *Æschylus* in the *Agamemnon*, playing on her name *Helenas* (*sic*), *Helandros*, *Heleptolis*, calls her destroyer of ships, men, and cities. *Europa* is *Eu-Aab*, the fountain spring, as in *Ain-taub*, the *Hieracoma* of *Orontes*, the *Balah Aub Ain Dor*, the *Queen Sibyl* of *Endor*; this syllable the Greeks rendered *Oph*.

Considering the remarkable boldness in comparative philology which this passage displays, we are tempted to doubt whether *πὺν κύνα* (p. 242) is a misprint. Is it not possible that the author may have connected *πὺν* with the Archaic-English asseveration "pon honour," of which the curious find traces in the plays and novels of a former generation? But, to resume our inquiries in mythology, we should mention that Mr. Rose introduces us to an entirely new view of the story of *Narcissus*. The youth enamoured of his own reflection in the water means "the beauty of the Minaret or Round Tower, reflecting its solitary beauty in the waves." The Theban dragon represents a phase of serpent worship; and the vengeance of *Dionysus* on *Pentheus* stands for the displacement of serpent-worship by a Bacchic ritual. The blindness of the seer *Tiresias* is emblematic of oracular caves or crypts. The story of *Jupiter* and *Europa* points to the blending of solar with lunar worship in a sanctuary isolated and held pure by water. In this way a long series of legends is dealt with; but the instances given will suffice to show the scope of Mr. Rose's hypothesis. In spite of its apparent singularity, this hypothesis is not absolutely new, but has a certain affinity with a theory which has been respectably supported in recent times. Two methods of interpretation, each as old as *Plato*, are open to those who cannot accept the Greek myths for fictions pure and simple. One is the historical method, which treats the myths as embodying the facts of an idealized past. The other is the allegorical method, which treats the myths as adumbrating physical or moral principles. Of this second theory a special form has been maintained by the German scholar *Creuzer*, in his *Symbolik und Mythologie der Alten Völker*, and has the adherence, in essentials, of *Hermann*. Accepting an allegorical significance for the myths, *Creuzer* traces their origin to a highly-cultivated priesthood, Egyptian or Aramean, who employed that vivid symbolism in commending their dogmas to the ancestry of the Hellenic stock. According to this view, the Orphic and Bacchic sects, the Eleusinian and Samothracian mysteries, became the depositaries of a secret meaning originally inherent in the myths, but long lost to the people. This theory is akin to Mr. Rose's in so far as both alike connect the origin of Greek fable with a primal religion. But whereas the German antiquarian believes that the myths were deliberately framed in order to teach the theology of that religion, Mr. Rose believes that they bear the accidental impress of what was striking in its outward ceremonial. Of the two theories, we prefer that of the German. Let us remember the characteristics of a Greek myth—its organic symmetry, the sharpness of its outline, the clearness of its animating spirit. It is easier, on the whole, to think of it as a thing that sprang into sudden and brilliant life to serve some immediate purpose of its creators, than as the careless overgrowth with which fancy slowly clothed the ruggedness of some grim fact in a bygone ritual. But we believe with Mr. Grote that it is not necessary to have recourse to any such hypothesis. The rationalistic interpretation of the myths arose when Paganism was beginning to lose its influence, and it was a device of the philosophers, with a view to constituting, by help of the mysteries, an intelligent religion apart from the popular creed. In modern criticism on this subject too much latitude has been given to the presumption that accredited fiction necessarily rests on an historical basis. That a legend is believed with the most earnest and undoubted faith is no proof whatever that such legend is founded upon fact. When a community is pervaded by a sentiment, religious or political, which is not merely abstract or speculative, but so freshly realized as to colour every act of daily life, all incidents tending to illustrate that sentiment are eagerly welcomed and easily accredited. If facts are not forthcoming, or if the belief of the community craves to be not only reflected but idealized, fictions adequate to that purpose will be generated by the mere intensity of the feeling. The completeness with which such fictions embody the reigning idea will be the substitute for credentials of authenticity, and in a short time the popular faith will have learned to regard its offspring as its parent. Mr. Grote has summed up this view as follows:—"The myth both presupposes and springs out of a settled basis and a strong expansive force of religious, social, and patriotic feeling, operating upon a past which is little better than a blank as to positive knowledge. It resembles history in so far as its form is narrative; it resembles philosophy in so far as it is occasionally illustrative; but in its essence and substance, in the mental tendencies by which it is created as well as in those by which it is upheld, it is a popularized expression of the divine and heroic faith of the people."

Before quitting this subject, we may be allowed to invite Mr. Rose's attention to certain remarks of *Plato's* on such tasks as Mr. Rose has essayed. *Socrates* having just referred to the story of

Orithyia having been carried off by *Boreas*, his companion inquires:—

Tell me, *Socrates*, do you really believe that this fable is true?

SOCRATES. Well, I should be by no means singular if I disbelieved it, like the clever people, and then showed my cleverness by saying that a gust of *Boreas* blew her down from the neighbouring rocks while she was playing, and that so, having been thus killed, she was reported to have been carried off by *Boreas*. . . . For my part, *Phædrus*, I consider such speculations amusing enough; but they are for men of portentous ingenuity and industry, who are by no means to be envied, if only for this reason, that after having set right one fable, they must do the same for all the rest. A man who disbelieves such stories, and tries to reconcile each with probability, will display a slightly misdirected acuteness, and will require considerable leisure. Now I have by no means leisure for such research; so, instead of my troubling my head about them, I accept the current version of the stories.

We now come to that part of Mr. Rose's work which will probably have most interest for his readers, but which he himself appears to regard as almost accidental—his actual translation. And here we are glad that it is in our power to bestow considerable praise. Mr. Rose observes in his preface that his object "has been rather to catch the spirit of *Ovid*, than critically to translate his text"; and this statement will be borne out, though not in its most obvious sense, by an examination of his work. The words would rather prepare us for a paraphrase in which the details of the Latin text are frequently sacrificed to broad effects. But this is by no means the character of Mr. Rose's version. He adheres to the original with a closeness which would have done no discredit to the most explicit promise of verbal fidelity. But there is a further sense in which it is perfectly true that the translation is not "critical." It has plenty of spirit, and, as regards its general rhythm, flows with ease and freedom. On the other hand, it is rather too evident that this fluency is the genuine result of the translation having been penned *currente calamo*. There is no indication that the translator ever paused, before committing a tolerably appropriate phrase to paper, to consider if there was no other phrase more exactly appropriate. We miss in Mr. Rose's works that delicacy in lighter touches, that happiness in reproducing such nuances as give refinement and expression to the original, in which lies the secret of a really artistic translation. Of course a man must be a good classical scholar to achieve this sort of excellence in any perfection. The special merits of Professor Conington's version of the *Odes* of *Horace* are due precisely to his fine scholarship, and show how much an English translation may owe—leaving poetical power out of the question—to a nice sympathy with the Latin. What we chiefly complain of in Mr. Rose's work is its evident carelessness, and the absence of attempt to make it forcible and expressive in detail. It gives one the impression that the translator possesses considerable fluency, wrote rapidly, and seldom paused to consider whether the word that first suggested itself could be improved upon. Now, whatever may be thought of the value of first inspirations in original composition, it can scarcely be expected that the aptest equivalent for an elaborated thought in a foreign language will present itself without a little reflection. There are, in fact, innumerable lines in every part of Mr. Rose's version which admit of such easy improvement, or contain, *metri gratia*, some word so clumsy that it is difficult to suppose that they can have cost the writer a second thought. The opening lines of *Ovid's* second book are rendered by Mr. Rose in a characteristic passage:—

On mighty columns, dazzling to behold,
Of flashing carbuncle and fulgent gold,
Sol's palace rose; fastigia eburne
Reposed o'er folding portals argentine;
But fairer than materials were the art,
Where *Mulciber* had done the better part,
In sculptured lands and the surrounding seas,
And the blue vault which them o'er-canopies.
There Ocean's gods, Triton the trumpeter,
Ambiguous *Proteus* and *Ægeon* were,
Ægeon mounted mighty whales upon;
And *Doris* and her daughters in the sun
They dry their hair or curb their steeds uncouth;
How like they are! yet differing in sooth,
As sisters differ. Earth had man's abodes,
Woods, beasts, and rivers, nymphs and rural gods;
O'er all outspread, the heaven's ethereal pride,
And constellations, six on either side.

There is a certain spirit and fluent rhythm about these lines which would atone for a good many faults of detail. But surely the edifice need not have been topped with anything so strange as "fastigia eburne." Ivory pinnacles might surely have been fitted into their place without much labour to the architect of the English structure. "Mighty whales upon" is a license following rather too closely after "which them o'er-canopies"; but in such matters Mr. Rose holds himself absolutely independent of all usage as to the collocation of words.

The following lines open *Ovid's* fable of "Dryope":—

Est lacus, acclivi dextero margine formam
Litoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.

ROSE.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.

MR. ROSE.

There was a sacred lake, its margin round
By sloping banks and belt of myrtle bound.

We like Mr. Rose's "There was a sacred lake" better than Pope's "A lake there was" and we also prefer "belt of myrtle" to

the diffuseness and conventional jingle of Pope's second line. But Pope's epithet "shelving" is incomparably better than Mr. Rose's "sloping banks." Ovid says, "formam litoris efficiens"—i.e. the gentle declivity of the lake's margin to the water reminded one of the seashore. Now "shelving" is exactly the right word to suggest the sea-strand; "sloping" does not give that particular image with nearly the same distinctness. Here is an instance of that want of finish which we have noticed in Mr. Rose's work. It did not want an Alexander Pope to see that "shelving" was the right word here. The other would very probably occur first to most people, but then the *debris* of a translator with so much spirit as Mr. Rose, ought to have come to the rescue. We will next take the lines which describe the despair of Dryope as she feels herself slowly changing into a tree:—

Nili nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara soror. Lachrymæ verso de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis; ac dum licet, ora prestant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in æra questus.

POPE.

The face was all that now remained of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

In the line, "No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree," the pathos of the Latin is sacrificed to a ludicrous epigram; and in the lines "Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear," &c., the simplicity and brevity of the original are replaced by ornament in the very worst taste. Mr. Rose's translation is infinitely better and more intelligent:—

The face alone
Was now unchanged to wood; tears falling down
Watered the leaves and branches, and the sound
Of her sweet voice fell on the air around.

But why does Mr. Rose say that Dryope "To offer garlands to the nymphs went"? We never heard of a nymphid in Greek or Latin, except in Hesychius, who says that *nymphides* was a name for wedding shoes. Besides, "nymphid" ought to mean "the daughter of a nymph"; and as the nymphs were ostensibly single ladies, this phrase strikes us as a scarcely desirable invention. Why, again, such Latinisms as "*Spectatrix* of this cruel fate was I," unless it is intended that the gradual change of Dryope into a lotus should have a counterpart in the hesitating metamorphosis of Publius Ovidius Naso into Mr. Rose?

We will conclude with Mr. Rose's version of some lines from the famous description of the Temple of Fame in Ovid's twelfth book:—

Nor quietude nor silence there is found,
Nor clamour loud; but the low surging sound
Like to the murmur of the distant main;
Or sequent rumble in ethereal plain,
When Jupiter concusses thunder-clouds;
Filled are the ætria huge with flicking crowds,
That come and go; and passing on, retail
The facts and fictions, varied in detail;
For all confuse or else exaggerate
To vacant ears the wonders they relate,
And magnified as often as retold.
There sit Credulity, Assumption bold,
Vain joys, vain fears, inordinate Surprise,
Silent Sedition, parentless Surmise;
And Fame solicited there broods and sees
Occurrences of heaven, earth, and seas.

There are instances in this passage of Mr. Rose's success in catching the spirit of the original; but, in order that his claim as a translator to a place in the mansion above described may be perfectly clear, "rumbles" must cease to be "sequent," and Jupiter should learn not to "concuss" thunder-clouds.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE'S HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY.*

THIS book, the earlier volumes of which we noticed a year and a half ago, continues to justify its claim to the title of the "New Vasari," which we then ventured to bestow upon it. For the first time it gathers together the countless biographical and artistic details which three centuries of investigation have produced in Germany and Italy, adding to them many new and valuable remarks which M. Cavalcaselle has noted during his laborious but enviable inspection of all the galleries of Europe, and almost all the churches of Italy. We do not suppose that these bulky volumes, crowded with facts and descriptions, can be popular reading in our indolent and unstudious age; but as a book of reference the work is invaluable. There is really hardly a well-known incident in the traditions of art for which it is not necessary to turn to it; so frequent is the demolition of long-accrued error, and the replacement of the truth, in these pages. A briefer history, written on the basis of this book, would be sure to succeed, if executed with more literary skill, and especially if illustrated with much greater fullness and effect, than belong to the scanty and feeble outlines which now rather tantalize than instruct the reader. For this and similar purposes the new process of Graphotype would seem to be admirably suited.

The instalment which the joint authors now give us—ap-

* A New History of Painting in Italy, drawn up from fresh Materials, Researches in the Archives, and Personal Inspection of the Works. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London: Murray. 1866.

propriately dedicated to Mr. Layard—contains the Florentine and Umbrian painters between 1450 and 1500; Luca Signorelli, Domenico di Bartolo, Nelli, Gentile, Perugino and his remarkable band of pupils, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, and many more. This is a very attractive region of Italian art, containing, as the above list shows, a great proportion of the men by whom the last inspirations of the early religious tenderness and grace were displayed under those larger and finer forms of art which the practice of centuries had now developed. These painters stand mostly on the border land between the "old manner," as Vasari calls it, and the "modern"; the earliest belonging to the period when the influence of Angelico da Fiesole was still a living thing, the latest still retaining the fine inward feeling and sentiment which are essential to religious art, although more and more verging on the "modern manner," when, after the glorious culmination of Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaele, and Buonarroti, the schools of Central Italy finally sank into the darkness of academical design, or perished by imbecile imitation of the antique, ill-selected and worse understood. The second volume of the work, it may be remembered, dealt with Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, and others who were the more direct precursors of the perfect style. This great change was wrought out in Florence, that little city which, in its inexhaustible interest and the eminent place which it holds in the development of human intellect, is second only to the Athens of the Periclean age. Pericles himself and Lorenzo de' Medici—the religion of the Athenians and that of the Florentines—mark in a rough way the difference, for good and for less good, between them. The "City of the Violet Crowns" made much the deepest mark, and did far more for mankind through all time than the "City of the Lily." But Florence is connected with us by more human and more immediate sympathies. No small part in that influence is due to the Fine Arts. Our music and our architecture, our decorations and our engravings, owe to Florence their origin or their early development, not less than our painting and our sculpture. In that city the first copper-plate was printed. In that city the first opera was performed. The three artists we have named as the greatest masters of form and expression yet produced in Christendom were all born or trained in Florence. The history which describes one province of these achievements is an indispensable portion of the history of modern Europe.

We should have liked to notice the authors' treatment of Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, and other "representative men" in Italian painting. If their story, as here set forth, is deficient in the graceful sentimentalism of M. Rio's analogous biographies, ample compensation is made by the exchange of that writer's too prevailing fancy for authentic fact, the one and only foundation of the fancy which has any real value. M. Rio, on the other hand, has a more refined and poetical feeling for art, regarded as a source of pleasure and profit to the spectator. Thus the two histories, where they coincide, should be read together. But we cannot here enlarge on this subject, or do more than analyse one of the biographies before us. We select that of the artist who, more intimately than any other, combined what was best in the old art and the new, without any perceptible influence from the antique—Fra Bartolommeo della Porta.

Born in 1475, his early training may be taken as a sample of the very different way from that now popular in which the "artistic career" was looked upon in those times. Nothing further from the modern *vie de Bohème* can be imagined than the painter's youth, as nothing is less like the modern sentimental ideas of cloister life than his subsequent career. His father, Pagholo (probably Florentine for Paolo), a respectable muleteer, bought a little house at Florence, near one of the city gates, whence the painter's secondary name "della Porta." What to do with the four sons of his old age was soon a question. "Bartolommeo mio figliuolo d'età d'anni sei," as the father describes him in a municipal valuation return, was speedily apprenticed, on the advice of da Maiano the sculptor, to Cosimo Rosselli. This was sound counsel. "Without being the best of Florentine artists, Rosselli's known integrity insured him considerable practice; and his school afforded the same advantages to beginners as that of a greater man. To grind colours, sweep the workshop, and run errands was the course which Baccio (short for Bartolommeo) was obliged by custom to follow." This was the time when the latest ideas on art, tending strongly in the pseudo-classical direction, were daily debated and practised in the celebrated garden belonging to the Medici. Whilst Bartolommeo's comrade and future partner, Albertinelli—dear to Florentine *ciceroni* on the strength of his vigorous and prosaic "Salutation" in the Uffizj—studied in that noisy *Accademia-alfresco*, he was himself studying Masaccio and Lippi in the gray calm of the "Carmine" church. But, although founding his style on these great religious painters, Bartolommeo did not neglect what he could legitimately make his own from more advanced contemporaries. It is well known that he learned from the young Raffaele, when he first came to Florence, to place himself as a disciple at Bartolommeo's feet. He was of course influenced by his own master, Rosselli. Something of linear perspective may have been gained from the Umbrian painters. But the strongest impression produced was by the greatest and the most cultivated man of an age fertile in cultivation and in greatness—Leonardo da Vinci.

By about 1490 Bartolommeo and Albertinelli were "passed masters," and working in friendly concert. But soon an influence which meets us everywhere in the Florence of that time led the

abler artist into a new direction. Savonarola drew him within the circle of that stern but not unwholesome Puritanism by which he showed himself rather the inheritor of the monastic reformers of the middle ages than the untimely herald of Luther. He preached against the study of the "nude" in art—a denunciation, one would think, hitherto little needed—and Bartolommeo was the first to burn his sketch-books. The Dominican further urged the artists of the day to join his own order, with the object, which he avowed and justified, of adding to its wealth. For a while the gentle-hearted disciple held back, but at last, after Savonarola's death, took the vows in 1500, never proceeding, however, beyond the grade of deacon. "For some time he was allowed to lead a contemplative life," but soon the artist woke again within him, and the pious object of Savonarola was fulfilled. "He was acknowledged head of the workshop belonging to San Marco. With the orders for pictures he had nothing to do, still less with the remuneration, in which the entire community had an interest. Helping hands were in sufficient numbers, and so he laboured for the sake of a name, and for the profit of his brethren, with one distinction only—that of dispensation from attendance in the choir." After a few years he made a visit to Venice, then in the youth of her glorious school; and on his return he reorganized the atelier of San Marco, taking Albertinelli, although a layman, into direct partnership, under articles of association drawn up with commercial precision. The two worked in common, with the aid of others; and a private monogram distinguished the secondary pictures thus produced from those of the first class.

We have given these details because of the singular light which they throw upon the religious and the artist life of Italy in 1500. The simple reproduction, within the convent, of the world without is what first strikes us; next, the air of plain manufacture in which these great painters regarded their vocation. Yet the result was a series of pure religious masterpieces. It should always be borne in mind that Christian art till near 1500, like Hellenic art to about B.C. 200, consciously aimed at nothing whatever but a practical expression of religious feeling; that invention and thought were not required from the painter, and would probably have been more criticized as innovations than admired as advances; and that the frame of mind which sought thus to realize itself was frequently that which close observers of existing orders in the Latin Church may easily recognise—simple worldly feeling, expressing itself in the accents of religion. The monks sought for the credit or the pleasure which the works of the fashionable painter of the day would confer upon church and cloister; and disputes on the fulfilment of convent contracts, or bargains how far a donor was willing to go in paying for an *ex voto*, are of perpetual recurrence in M. Cavalcaselle's pages. Devotion and energy labour in vain to establish permanent reforms; "the world is always with us"; the halo fades; and monk and nun turn out hardly more or less than secular persons who speak a particular dialect, and believe in the clique they move in, like the rest of us. The convent, in truth, is equally unlike the picture drawn by Exeter Hall, and the picture drawn by the fathers of the Oratory. Excellent men and women are "immured" and enjoying themselves after their fashion, in those establishments. The bell is always ringing for something pleasant; every hour is mapped out; the day seems to do for itself, and Lent comes round before they think of it. With all due deference to our Whalley and our Manning, we must doubt whether these are exactly the instruments best fitted to convert a recalcitrant nation.

Let us return to San Marco; a convent which, with several more, however *codino* for the moment, the Italian Government should spare, were it merely for their irreplaceable heirlooms of national remembrances. Fra Bartolommeo, as he was now called, lived only to 1517. The closing years of his life contain little incident beyond the peaceful progress of his art, in which he studied and advanced to the latest hour. But that progress cannot be made intelligible without the illustrations, which are as essential to a history of art as diagrams are to Euclid. His earliest great work, a "Last Judgment" (1499), exhibits a fusion of the style of Masaccio and Leonardo, with some traces of the great Orcagna. The clearest idea of it may perhaps be given by saying that it nearly approaches Raffaele's famous "Theology" in the *Camere* of the Vatican. This noble picture has been shamefully treated, apparently within very recent times, and is rapidly perishing. We would venture to suggest to the Arundel Society a print from it, without those barbarous restorations which so seriously detract from the value of some of their productions.

Bartolommeo soon formed his style. Although England, according to M. Cavalcaselle, is absolutely without a specimen of his easel, except two in Lord Cowper's collection at Panahanger, yet prints and journeys will have familiarized many of our readers with the manner of the Frate. Perhaps, if we compare him with Leonardo, there is a certain emptiness in his work; if compared with Raffaele, he falls short of that mysterious grace which renders even Raffaele's slightest work attractive to each succeeding generation. Yet in his best pieces Bartolommeo stands nearer to this master of the beautiful and the tender than any other painter. And it is not the least pleasing feature in his character that his own modesty would have declined the place which the impartial historian must assign to him. Goodness in art springs from beauty of nature.

THE WRIGHT'S CHASTE WIFE.*

WE are glad to find that the Early English Text Society can condescend to a "merry tale." It seems that Mr. Furnivall went to the Lambeth Library to look for something more about the eternal King Arthur, "Sir Gyngelayne, son of Sir Gawain," or some other of that sect, whom we may hand over once for all to the tender mercies of William of Newburgh. But in his search after this portentous Knight of the Round Table, Mr. Furnivall lighted on something much better—namely, a really racy metrical story of the latter half of the fifteenth century. We venture to think that Adam Cobsam, whoever that worthy was, was far better employed in writing a merry tale which illustrates his own age than if he had added a few more fables to the fables of Geoffrey. Adam of Cobsam must have been, as Mr. Furnivall says, "of the Chaucer breed," and with the advantage, we may add, that his poem is thoroughly moral. Both in conception and in language it is, according to our modern standard, somewhat free; but, for the matter of that, the Old Testament is the same. The poem is throughout a case of virtue rewarded; as Lord Macaulay remarks of the plays of the first half of the seventeenth century as compared with those of the second half, it is against vice that the laugh is turned.

The Merry Tale seems to have made Mr. Furnivall unusually vivacious. "Good wine needs no bush, and this tale needs no preface." "If any one having taken it up is absurd enough to lay it down without finishing it, let him lose the fun, and let all true men pity him." This is vigorous language for the preface to a philological work. Of "true men" Mr. Kingsley told us something in the "Last of the English." We think it was that they love with an overwhelming passion. It is something to find that their hatred is somewhat less intense than their love, and that they are capable of the intermediate emotion of pity. But we will not find fault; only Mr. Furnivall in his turn must not complain if we in some sort step into his place, and do a little commentator's work on our own account.

The Merry Tale is "a fable of a wryght that was maryde to a pore wydows dowtre / the whiche wydow havynge noo good to geve with her / gave as for a precyous Johelle to hym a Rose garlond / the whiche she affermyd wold never fade while she kept truly her wedlok." The "wryght" is of course a carpenter; indeed in v. 586 he is called the "carpentary." The form, which reminds one of the Cambridge Registry, seems to have come straight from the Latin (such Latin as it is) and not at all through the French. In some of the mediæval accounts of St. David's Cathedral, the head man of this trade figures as Magister Johannes Carpentarius, while his journeyman is nothing more than Jak Hakker. It is odd that the word "wryght," still so familiar both in composition and as a surname, should have gone quite out of use, as by itself denoting a trade. "Smith" has undergone nearly the same fate, but not quite. We doubt if "wryght" occurs in our translation of the Bible, while "carpenter" is familiar enough.

Our poet, we will undertake to say, not from philological but from architectural evidence, did not live either in Somersetshire or in Northamptonshire. As far as this kind of proof goes, he might have lived either in the east or in the west midland shires, as he clearly belonged to a district where, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, houses even of some distinction were commonly built of wood. This exalted our friend the wright to the rank of an architect:—

By þat tyme þe lord of the towne
Hadde ordeynyd tymbyr redy bowne,
An halle to make of tre.

"Of tree," that is, of wood, as the "olifauntz" in Sir John Maundevile carry "castles of tree." Stone building is something remarkable. The wright has a chamber for a special purpose built for himself of the rarer material:—

Butt sone he hym bypought
That a chambyr schuld be wrought
Bothe of tyme and stone.

It is odd, after four hundred years, to find the description word for word the same as that of Cnut's church at Assandun. "He let timbrian þar an mynster of stane and lime." But Assandun is in Essex, where stone and lime have ever been rarities. In the very same reign the "ligna basilica" of Glastonbury—the predecessor of St. Joseph's Chapel, the relic of the oldest Christianity of the island—was, in a stone country, noted as something as remarkable as a stone minster was in Essex. We learn also that a wooden hall took two or three months to build, and that our wright, who "lyved by hys myster"—his "mystery" or trade—counted as a yeoman. A very good trade it clearly was in those days. "Magister Johannes Carpentarius" was clearly a person of some consequence.

The point of the story is that the mother of the wright's wife gives her daughter as her marriage portion a garland of roses, which, as long as she is true to her marriage vow, will never fade. The wright, considering the beauty of his wife and that his mystery often took him away from her, has the chamber made with a trap-door, which will let a man through at the smallest touch. The wright, while building the lord's hall, keeps his

* The Wright's Chaste Wife, a Merry Tale, by Adam of Cobsam. Copied and edited by Frederick J. Furnivall. London: Published for the Early English Text Society, by Trübner & Co. 1865.

garland with him, and the lord, the lord's steward, and the "proctor of the parish," successively ask its virtue, and determine to put it to the test. Each goes to the wife and tries to beguile her. To each she feigns to listen, and extorts forty marks from the lord and twenty from each of the others—stewards and proctors clearly made a good thing of their offices in those days—as the price of compliance. She takes them into the upper room, and they fall, one after the other, through the trap-door; each of course as he falls in being greatly amazed to find the other there. But there is no getting out; they have nothing to eat; and the wife will give them nothing unless they work for it. So they are set to spin flax and hemp for their daily bread. It is worth notice that the lord consents to these terms at once, while the steward and the proctor are very indignant—spinning is not their trade. Each in his turn holds out for a little while till he is over-come by hunger, as his companions—first the lord alone, and then the lord and the steward—altogether refuse to share their meat and drink with them. So they stay till the end of the week, working for their food till the wright comes home. He hears the noise of their working, and is much amazed; but when he sees his lord at work, he begins to be frightened:—

But when he sawe hys lord there,
Hys hert bygan to drede
To see hys lord in pat place,
He pought yt was a strange cas,
And seyde, "so god hym spele,
What do ye here, my lord and knyght?
Telle me now for godes myght
Howe cam thys vn-to?"

He bids his wife let him out, but she will not just yet—

"Nay, þen sorowe come on my snowte
If they passe hens to-daye
Tyll that my lady come and see
Howe þey would haue done wyth me,
Butt nowe late me saye."

So the lady comes, and has to hear all about her husband's misdeeds, and then is allowed to take him home, giving the wright's wife the money of all three:—

Thus the wryghtes garland was feyre of hewe,
And hys wyfe bothe good and trewe;
There-of was he fulle blythe;
I take wytnes att gret and smalle,
Thus trewe bene good women alle
That nowe bene on lyve,
So come thyrste on ther hedys
Whan they mombylle on ther bedys
Ther pater noster ryne.

Then, after a prayer for all true lovers and faithful wives, he tells us again how the garland never faded, and adds:—

It was made by the avyse
Of hys wywes moder wytty and wyse
Of flourys most of honoure,
Of roses whyte pat wylle nott fade,
Whych flour alle ynglond doth glade
With trewloves medelyd in syght;
Vn-to the whych flour I-wys
The loue of god and of the comenys
Subdued bene of ryght.

We thus learn the politics of our poet; he goes in for the White Rose. Mr. Furnivall discusses the "trewloves," but hardly comes to any definite conclusion; they are evidently a Yorkist badge of some kind. But anyhow there is something grotesque in a poem in praise of true wives winding up with a glorification of Edward the Fourth. What if Master Shore, citizen and goldsmith, had had such a cunning trap in his house as our friend the wright made?

The story, we think everyone will allow, is a really good one in itself, and not merely curious as a piece of antiquity. Though a little more free-spoken than is usual nowadays, it completely avoids all grossness, which is more than can be said for a parallel French story quoted by Mr. Furnivall at the end.

Mr. Furnivall, as we said, has grown merry over his merry tale. But surely he has let his merriment run away with him in one or two places. We must charge him with needlessly modernizing his author at least twice. When the lord is already in his prison and the steward comes tumbling down upon him,

The lord seyde, What devylle art þou?

Mr. Furnivall's analysis has, "What the devil are you?" We submit that "what devylle" and "what the devil" have two quite different meanings. Again, when the wife says,

Nay, þen sorowe come on my snowte—

an odd curse enough certainly, and having rather an Irish sound—Mr. Furnivall paraphrases it into "bother my snout." Do the philologists of the Early English Text Society bind themselves to the legitimacy of *bother*, and can they help us to the etymology of the word? Mr. Wedgwood, who admits *bosh*, is silent as to *bother*.

The present tract contains the Annual Report of the Society, with a full account of their labours. It seems that they contemplate a good deal besides flooding the world with all the endless stuff about Arthur. The other groups or series of publications, the Series to illustrate the English dialects, the Dictionary Series, the Miscellaneous Series, and the Biblical and Religious Series, all promise well. And greater things are in store. We are to have "the whole body of unprinted literature usually termed Semi-Saxon, so important for the date of the introduction of Classical and Romance words, and for the progressive degrada-

tion of the inflexional forms of our language." And "the Society will then be ready to take on itself the burden laid by the late J. M. Kemble on the Ælfric Society to leave no word of Anglo-Saxon unprinted." By that time we trust that the Society will have left off talking about "Semi-Saxon." There is something specially grotesque in the implied opposition between Angles and we hardly know what, perhaps *Semites*, Semitic Saxons, in short "Isaacsons," the people who gave Gloucestershire its Hebrew nomenclature. When we see "Anglo" and "Semi" opposed, it is impossible not to think for a moment that "Semi" means some nation as well as "Anglo." But we live in hope; when we read of "the progressive degradation of the inflexional forms of our language," it is clearly implied that the language which enjoyed the inflexional forms before their degradation was "our language"; and this is all that we want. And over the page we find no more of either Anglo- or Semi- but, in plain words, "Old English."

Lastly, we must give what publicity we can to the following announcement:—

With the view of encouraging the study of Early English among students at our Universities and Colleges, the Committee have during the past year offered a prize of two years' issues of the Society's Texts to the best pupil in an Examination in English before Chaucer, to be held by each of the following Professors in his own College or University, in such manner as he thinks fit.

The Rev. Prof. Bosworth, Oxford.	Prof. Masson, Edinburgh.
Prof. Ingram, Trinity Coll., Dublin.	Nichol, Glasgow.
" Brewer, King's Coll., London.	" Bain, Aberdeen.
" Morley, University College, London.	" Craik, Belfast.
" Scott, Owen's Coll., Manchester.	" Moffet, Galway.
	" Rushton, Cork.

And the Rev. J. Earle, at Bath.

The several Professors have generously undertaken to hold the Examinations and adjudge the prizes, and the Committee cannot doubt that by this means the knowledge of Early English will be extended and increased.

Mr. Earle, we suppose, has to examine the literates, who come from no University or College, including, as his geographical position qualifies him, both the Greeks of Bath and the Jews of Gloucestershire. But when so many other British Universities are present, why do we see no mention of Cambridge, Durham, or St. Andrew's?

NOTES ON EPIDEMICS.*

WHENEVER public attention happens to be directed to any subject immediately or remotely connected with medical matters, there invariably springs up quite a crop of semi-professional books and pamphlets for the guidance of the uninformed. Such works irresistibly remind a sensible reader of that pregnant line (earning Mrs. Jarley's unqualified approval), in which the poet recounted how the donkey that wouldn't go had been induced by moral suasion to "haste to Jarley's." With a fear of cholera so prevalent that the "events" of the London season are being prematurely developed lest the malady close in on us and town be suddenly emptied, we may expect a literary flux of thin tracts on the subject, printed in large type, and with the professional honours of the authors duly set forth on the title-page. As a general rule, it is better for the uninitiated public to do anything with these publications rather than read them. If really scientific in character, they are unfitted for alarmed general readers, who eagerly seize the passages they think they understand, and skip the qualifying professional data which are beyond their comprehension. Shrewd lawyers are rather amused at the handy-books which direct a simple public how to manage legal matters for themselves. They know that in the end it must increase litigation, and make good for trade. But where life and death are at issue a far more serious responsibility is incurred. To countenance professionally that blundering stupidity which leads weak men and foolish women to insist that really sick persons shall take nostrums recommended by advertisements, by pamphlets, or by "Her Majesty's stamp," is to connive at the commission of a possible philanthropic manslaughter. There are some few medical subjects about which it may be to the public advantage that timely warning and sound instruction should be afforded by well-informed men; but the *élite* of the profession discountenance, with good reason, all pretentious popular writings about the more serious diseases which involve immediate danger to life. This *esprit de corps* is, however, of only limited influence. There are very many popular works, written by qualified medical men, on such subjects as cancer, consumption, cholera, epilepsy, &c., which are in reality only intended to advertise the names of the authors. Some of those who pursue this free-lance system of indiscriminate pamphleteering undoubtedly make a very good thing of it; but the chief offenders in this way have no professional position, nor do they possess the confidence of those best able to judge as to their merits. They form a dangerous class; so that medical men of good repute rather fight shy of professional authors who let fly popular pamphlets on every medical matter which happens to engage public attention.

This little work on Epidemics by Dr. Anstie contains much sound information, set forth in good English, and the significant label injudiciously lettered on the cover, "For the use of the public," really directs attention to the point where its contents are most

* Notes on Epidemics, for the Use of the Public. By F. E. Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

defective. The latest and most generally accepted views of the profession on epidemic diseases in this country are very clearly described. Dr. Anstie has neither the intellectual grasp of Southwood Smith nor the graphic power of Mr. Simon; and he is a little too sure about matters on which he has made up his own mind. But there prevails such an absolute ignorance, even among well-informed people, as to the inter-relations of epidemic diseases, the meaning of the word fever, the results of professional inquiries about cholera, and similar important matters, that the information which Dr. Anstie has collected may serve to steady their opinions and guide their judgment as to the nature and history of those epidemic diseases which play such terrible havoc among our poor, and which even now, in London alone, annually destroy thousands of lives that might have been certainly saved under good sanitary management. Dr. Anstie, in common with many professional writers who condescend to instruct the public, fails to define the exact meaning of the terms he employs. It is by no means a safe assumption that the public exactly understand all the words included in the hornbooks of science; indeed there are some about which the wise men are themselves still at loggerheads. It may, however, be assumed that a contagious disease is one spread by contact only, as its name implies; this really includes but a small number of very unpleasant complaints, such as the itch and the ringworm. An infectious disease is one that spreads, not merely by contact, but also by far more subtle means; for its virus may contaminate the linen that is worn, may pollute the water that is drunk, or poison the air that is breathed. Scarlet-fever, cholera, and typhus are all included in this class. Epidemic diseases are simply those especially prevalent where folks are crowded together; they are diseases of the people; whereas endemic diseases are those peculiar to particular districts, as best exemplified by agues and jungle fevers. These variations being understood, it necessarily follows that there is some difficulty in finding a term sufficiently comprehensive to include all of them. The Registrar-General groups them all under the order of "zymotic" diseases, a term which merely indicates a foregone theory; but it has one indubitable advantage, for if it is difficult to prove its accuracy, it is absolutely impossible to demonstrate its inapplicability. The zymotic theory supposes that the infection, however minute in quantity or subtle in kind, acts like a ferment; so that "the life of all the blood is touched corruptedly," and then the disease breaks forth. It took a great many centuries of hard fighting about rival theories to arrive at this conclusion, which, after all, is almost identical with that held by Hippocrates, who, more than two thousand years ago, stated the cause of fevers to be some morbid matter in the blood, which, in a certain number of days, was brought by concoction to a state in which it was expelled from the body by the outburst of the disease.

The fatal disorders of this class which have appeared in this country are comprised in the following list:—Plague, sweating sickness, fevers (including typhus, typhoid, relapsing, puerperal, and malarial or "fever and ague"), scarlet fever, smallpox, measles, diphtheria, whooping cough, influenza, erysipelas, cholera, and diarrhoea. The first two of these might have been omitted in Dr. Anstie's enumeration; not that the plague has been unknown in this country, for, if Barnes is to be trusted, it so raged in 1349 that only one-tenth of the inhabitants were left alive, the rest having all perished by the "Black Death," as the disease was then called. The plague of London in 1665 was hardly less disastrous within the limits to which it was chiefly confined; but there has been no notable recurrence of it since that date. It was an imported disease, always deriving its origin from the East; but the "sweating sickness," also an epidemic of bygone times, was so special to this country that it was commonly known as the "Sudor Anglicus" or "Febris Britannica." It was intensely fatal; but has not recurred for nearly three centuries. When, however, Dr. Meade, in 1728, ventured to suggest that it might after all have only been imported into this country, he encountered such a storm of abuse that it may perhaps be more prudent to let the "sweating sickness" still retain its place as our only indigenous epidemic.

It is very generally believed nowadays, by those who have specially studied the subject, that there is good reason to separate the forms of disease ordinarily included under the ominous word "fever" into two classes; one of these being in the highest degree catching, the other not communicable by contact. The importance of the distinction is obvious, but the evidence is not yet quite so decisive as Dr. Anstie leads his readers to suppose. The contagious form is typhus, under which title is comprehended the majority of the fever epidemics. The fever of the Black Assise, the gaol-distemper, the camp-fevers, and the Irish famine fever of 1846 all belonged to the class of typhus, and owed their origin to starvation, over-crowding, and general destitution. Once, however, that the disease is thus engendered it becomes intensely contagious; attacking indiscriminately rich and poor, strong and feeble. Prior to 1862 typhus fever had so steadily diminished in London that its entire extirpation was counted on. Then it suddenly reappeared with intensified force; and the close-herding of the poor, consequent on the wholesale destruction of their dwelling-places, must, if continued, sooner or later produce the outbreak of an epidemic of malignant typhus, destructive alike to rich and poor. The non-contagious fever is that known

as gastric fever, enteric fever, nervous fever, bilious fever, and by several other names. Its ordinary scientific title is typhoid, its most significant "stink fever," for it is in truth most usually the result of inhaling foul air. Its poison lurks in every drain-smell. Its lair is in the sewers, and it rushes out whenever a trap is lifted in the kitchen or scullery, just to "empty the slops" or "wash the plates," a process common enough with ignorant servants. Then the foul air or sewer gas mounts up the well of the staircase to the top of the house where the nursery is, and selects the weakest of the children for its victims; the intensity of the influence depending on the strength of the dose of foul air. The experience of physicians whose practice lies among the higher classes teaches them that such a process is common enough in large houses drained on the most scientific principles, but with the one remaining vulnerable point—that loose trap on some down-stairs sink through which the subtle enemy enters. It is true that, owing to good nursing and all the appliances wealth can provide, these cases rarely prove fatal; and therefore the weekly reports as to public health are, after all, but very fallacious records of the sanitary state of the people, since they only take cognizance of deaths.

Dr. Anstie, avowedly writing for the use of intelligent non-professional readers, neglects to refer to many of those merely practical matters about which the general public especially need instruction. He is eloquent on the abominable condition of the slums of Westminster and the defects of workhouses, about grinding landlords and obtuse parochial authorities; so that very much of his volume is rather suited for the pages of a sanitary report than to teach the public "to perform scientifically those duties which devolve on the friends of patients even before medical advice can be summoned." But, in compensation, he lays particular stress on the importance of a general adoption of the use of the thermometer as affording reliable information for insuring recognition of the first symptoms of an attack of either of the febrile epidemics. "Recent medical observation has placed in our hands a means of distinction between different febrile maladies, and a most useful calculus of the gravity of an existing disease which we must here specify, namely, the thermometer—an instrument which for many important medical purposes is as necessary to non-professional persons as to medical men." "The mother of a family should always be skilled in the application of the instrument." And again, "Medical men would gladly see all persons, especially all mothers and heads of households generally, in possession of a sound working acquaintance with the value of premonitory indications, and especially of such infallible criteria of the severity of threatened mischief as are supplied by the indications of the thermometer." By the recent researches of Wunderlich, the great value of observations on body-temperature for estimating the presence, progress, and gravity of certain zymotic diseases has been admirably demonstrated, other signs and symptoms being at the same time duly considered; and it is perfectly true that the hands of the profession have been strengthened by this new guidance. But it may be doubted whether the advice given by Dr. Anstie, to place delicate thermometers of particularly fragile construction in the arm-pits of sick folks, and be guided by their indications as to the necessity for sending for the doctor, is likely to be as useful to the public as the good old plan of sending for him when anybody is ill. Very few and very rare are the cases in which there do not occur sufficiently marked symptoms to make an ordinary observer follow this latter course. In truth, the less uninformed or half-informed people meddle with thermometric testings of the body-temperature the better; for much valuable time may thus be frittered away, or even irreparable injury done. Thus, to take the readiest illustration, a very zealous young curate, following the counsel that Dr. Anstie gives, might easily be induced to pronounce a poor fellow with a broken back, a galloping consumption, or an acute pneumonia as having some epidemic febrile distemper; for in these cases the temperature of the body often mounts as high as in cases of true fever.

Under the head of epidemic diseases dependent on insanitary conditions, irrespective of destitution, Dr. Anstie includes cholera, and he is very absolute as to its non-contagious character. The importance of the opinion so strenuously urged by the late Dr. Snow as to the propagation of cholera through some contamination, either of the air or drinking-water, by discharges from a cholera patient, has of late years been very generally recognised by those who have most carefully studied the subject. Dr. Anstie has very lucidly stated the arguments in its favour, and adds a suggestion which it is very necessary to observe in cases of cholera. "The defensive measure which, more than any other, is important for those who attend upon the sick, is the precaution of never eating food with hands which have not first been washed in water impregnated with a disinfectant." The special exanthemata, such as scarlet fever, smallpox, and measles, are described by Dr. Anstie clearly and tersely. But these, like all other epidemic diseases, often owe the dangers which accrue in their course to some neglect of the earliest indications of their presence. It is at this time that medical skill is especially required. The wisest physician is he who sees furthest ahead, although his skill may not be recognised, since no one but himself knows when a dangerous shoal or sunken rock has been passed in safety. If it be advisable that the public should be instructed on exclusively medical matters, it is best that they should read books by well-informed writers like Dr. Anstie; but professional authors should be very cautious

in giving counsel when the issues of life or death may depend on a foresight which only special education and experience can supply.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.*

THERE is a singular uniformity of design about Miss Yonge's novels. It would be too much to say that her stories always travel over the same ground, but they certainly always travel in the same direction. Her delineations of character deal with character always under one special aspect—namely, as tending from worse to better. It is further noticeable that the amelioration is almost always brought about by the influence of contact with other character of a higher kind, rather than by that of external circumstances. Within these limits, however, Miss Yonge has scope for a large variety of combinations, and her books, though so far uniform, have always sufficient thought and originality to redeem them from the charge of sameness. In *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* she has by no means abandoned her idiosyncrasy, but the scenery and properties of the story are new, and the book is in many respects decidedly superior to its more recent predecessors. The action is laid in Germany, at the close of the fifteenth century, when the Swabian League has just been formed, and the greater number of the *Freiherren*, or free barons, have submitted to the Emperor. The Baron of Adlerstein, the Eagle's Rock, is among the few who have not so submitted, and who, secure in their impregnable fortresses, still keep up the old traditions of a prescriptive right to plunder those weaker than themselves. Christina Sorel, the Dove of the story, is the daughter of one of the Baron's retainers, and has been bred up from infancy by a citizen uncle and aunt, but is reclaimed by her father, sorely against her will, to nurse the Baron's sick daughter, Ermentrude. Christina is everything that is good, and the inevitable current of influence quickly begins to flow. From the sick girl it spreads to her brother, the Baron Eberhard, whose ruggedness softens down wonderfully in Christina's society, and who, after his sister's death, half coaxes, half compels Christina (who still resides in the castle) into a secret marriage. Her peace of mind is sadly disturbed by the false position in which she is placed, and not less by her dread of her grim mother-in-law, the Baroness Kunigunde, who is a kind of female trooper of more than ordinary ferocity. The wished-for acknowledgment comes at last, but in the form of a dying message from Eberhard, who, with his father, has fallen in a skirmish with another *Freiher* with whom they are at feud. The circumstances under which the confession is made disarm the resentment of the grim Baroness, and Christina is permitted to assume the name and position of Eberhard's widow. She gives birth to twins, who are christened respectively Eberhard and Friedmund. So far as the story can be said to have any particular hero, that position must be assigned to Eberhard the younger—called, for distinction, by the diminutive Ebbo—who is the personage more especially selected by the author to exhibit the gradual development of character. We have purposely disclosed only just sufficient of the plot to make our observations intelligible, and have expressly avoided giving a complete outline of the story, which deserves better treatment than to be read at second-hand.

To form a correct judgment of the manner in which Miss Yonge has worked out her design, it is necessary to have a clear conception of the condition of Germany at the time to which her book refers. The Empire under Frederick III. and Maximilian was in a state of transition from comparative barbarism to a quasi-civilization. The free cities, and the country immediately round about them, had made some progress in the arts of civilization and the decencies of life; but outside of these limits the darkness of the dark ages still remained. Some of the barons had submitted to the ruling power, but many still owned no authority higher than their own, and waged a predatory war on all around them. Shut up in their strongholds, and foes to every man, they were virtually cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, and the elementary refinements which had begun to make their way into the cities were utterly unknown in the baronial castles. A glazed window or a linen tablecloth was an unheard-of luxury; and the barons were proportionately primitive in other matters. A timid town-bred maiden in the stronghold of one of these lawless freebooters might well be likened to a dove in the nest of a bird of prey. It may at first sight appear that such a character as Christina, whose most prominent attributes are gentleness and refinement, is little adapted to exercise the influence which she is here represented to exercise over the rugged natures among whom she is placed. We think, however, that Miss Yonge is right. There is in human nature a strange affinity for opposites, like the attraction of positives for negatives in electricity. Natures like those of Ermentrude and Eberhard would be attracted to Christina by her very unlikeness to themselves; and after the manner of untutored minds, receiving all that is unknown as marvellous, would probably invest her in fancy with higher qualities than she actually possessed. Those who have all their lives been accustomed to the graces of language and deportment can form little conception of the effect which such graces produce upon those who are wholly unused to them; and Christina with her book-learning, her musical skill, and her comparative refinement, would differ from her rough masters

and mistresses even more widely than the most highly-bred lady of our own day differs from the wife of a journeyman mechanic. The same principle would operate, though in a less degree, in Christina's relation to her sons. Apart from the prestige of maternity, always a certain and abundant source of influence, Christina's sons must constantly have felt and been impressed by their mother's marked unlikeness to all around her. Though they would probably feel her superiority less as regards themselves, they could not fail to perceive that she was a very different being from their virago grandmother, and from the uncouth male and female boors who formed the castle household. In sketching the characters of the two brothers, and in tracing their influence on each other, Miss Yonge has again availed herself of the affinity of unlikeness. Ebbo is proud, practical, and warlike, while Friedmund is of the poetical or poetico-religious temperament. Scarcely could two characters be more dissimilar, but it is skilfully contrived that the strength of each is the proper supplement of the weakness of the other. The more spiritual strength of Friedmund balances the worldly energy of Ebbo. The manner in which this is effected reflects credit upon the skill of the artist, but it is doubtful whether it increases the value of the moral lesson intended to be conveyed. The idea of two persons destined to journey through life together, whose characters dovetail so exactly that the deficiency of each is supplied by the other's abundance, is poetically conceived, but belongs rather to allegory than to actual life, and is seldom likely to be realized. Most people in real life have to fight their moral battles alone. As a natural consequence of constant mutual reliance between two persons, we should expect that, if one be removed, the other must quickly fall for want of the accustomed support. Miss Yonge appreciates the difficulty, and conquers it very adroitly. Though Friedmund dies, his memory still exercises a very powerful influence—which the circumstances of his death are well adapted to heighten—over his brother's mind, and the moral impulses thus bequeathed have a marked and lasting effect upon Ebbo's future career.

Miss Yonge is a true artist, and perhaps not the less successful in her peculiar line of art, that her range is comparatively narrow. Her "mannerism" is by no means of an offensive kind, and though she persists in seeing all her subjects from the same point of view, she generally paints them well. From a writer of Miss Yonge's calibre an account of her *modus operandi* has a scientific value, and the introduction to *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* is by no means the least interesting portion of the book. The author ascribes the first idea of the work to a singular origin—a dream consequent upon the reading of Freytag's *Pictures of German Life*, in which a subordinate incident of the book was vividly depicted. How the book was suggested, however, is of little moment, but the manner in which Miss Yonge prepared herself for the execution of her work is of higher interest, and conveys a valuable lesson to would-be historical novelists. *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* is only historical in the sense that the period of which it treats is matter of history, the whole of the characters (with the exception of the brilliant but unsatisfactory Maximilian, who figures in one or two scenes) being fictitious. It is obvious that a work of this kind does not demand such minute accuracy as one in which the personages, as well as the scenery, are historical. But Miss Yonge is determined that nothing shall be lost for lack of pains. To this end she has super-added to the general knowledge she already possessed of her subject a careful study of Hegewisch's *History of Maximilian*, and two quaint old chronicles of which this monarch is the hero—*Der Weise König* and *Theurdank*. The result of her labour is a picture of the Germany of the period, which, for general fidelity and harmony, is worthy of the highest praise. Knowledge of her subject has given the writer ease and confidence; and good taste and a vivid and cultivated imagination has done the rest. There is no overloading of colour, no straining after effect. A single instance will sufficiently exemplify this. After the death of the two Barons von Adlerstein, and while Eberhard's marriage is still unknown outside the castle walls, Sir Kasimir von Adlerstein, the heir presumptive, comes to claim his supposed inheritance, and is answered by the production of Eberhard's newly-born twin sons. Sir Kasimir accepts the situation like a courtly gentleman, but the old Baroness Kunigunde treacherously seeks to destroy him, and to that end orders the serfs to make ready the trap of an *oubliette* over which he must pass in order to leave the castle. Christina is informed of the snare, and entreats him, much to his amazement, to carry her babes in his arms to the castle-gate, and to exhibit them to his men. The ruse succeeds; the old Baroness will not destroy her grandsons, and Kasimir's life is saved. Of this striking incident, which in the hands of an inferior artist would probably have been worked up and over-coloured to the verge of burlesque, Miss Yonge makes but five pages, and the *dénouement* is compressed into a dozen lines. The knight has left the chamber with his unaccustomed burden, and Christina is left alone:—

The room was reeling round with her. The agony of those few minutes was beyond all things unspeakable. What had seemed before like a certain way of saving the guest without real danger to her children now appeared instead the most certain destruction to all, and herself the unnatural mother who had doomed her new-born babes for a stranger's sake. She could not even pray; she would have shrieked to have them brought back, but her voice was dead within her, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, ringings in her ears hindered her even from listening to the descending steps. She lay as one dead, when ten minutes afterwards the cry of one of her babes struck on her ear, and the next moment Ursel stood beside her, laying

* *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*. By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

them down close to her, and saying exultingly, "Safe! safe out at the gate, and down the hill side, and my old lady ready to gnaw off her hands for spite!"

It is an old saying, that "brevity is the soul of wit," but it is not every writer who has the gift to perceive that it is also of the essence of power.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Notes on Epidemics. The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—SIXTH CONCERT, May 28.
Programme: Symphony (Gounod); Concerto in C Minor (Sternadale Bennett); Overture, "Guillaume Tell" (Rossini); Symphony in A (Beethoven); Overture, "Precious" (Weber). Pianiste, Madame Arabella Goddard. Vocalists, Madlle. Tietjens and Herr Rokitsanski. Conductor, Professor Sternadale Bennett.—Tickets at Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, 62 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—JAEEL and WIENIAWSKI, Tuesday, June 5, their Second Appearance this Season.
J. ELLA, Director, 18 Hanover Square.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS
will take place, in St. James's Hall, on Friday Afternoons, June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; Wednesdays, July 4 and 11.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

SIGNOR PIATTI'S BENEFIT at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. St. James's Hall, will take place on Monday Evening, June 4.—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Wieniawski; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalist, Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Stalls, 2s.; Boxes, 5s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

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Mr. BENEDICT begs to announce his THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at the St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 27, to begin at Half-past One o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced.—Stalls, 2s. each; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had at the principal Music-sellers' and Librarians', and of Mr. Benedict, 2 Manchester Square.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT. "MRS. BROWN AT HOME AND ABROAD," at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, Every Evening, at Eight (except Saturday), Saturday Afternoon at Three. Tickets at the Box Office daily from Eleven to Five; Mr. Mitchell's; and all Music-sellers.

STODARE.—FOUR HUNDRED and FORTY-FIRST REPRESENTATION.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY. Egyptian Hall.—Colonel STODARE's celebrated MARVELS OF MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM, as performed by him by command at Windsor Castle, before H.M. the Queen, November 21, 1863, and twice before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, June 6, 1865, and March 10, 1866. The new acquisition, the MARVEL OF MECCA; the SPHINX; and Stodare's celebrated INDIAN BASKET FEAT. Every Evening at Eight; Wednesdays and Saturdays at Three and Eight.—Stalls may be secured in advance at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, open daily from Eleven till Five; and at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.
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HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," is now on VIEW at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall. Admission, 1s.; admitting also to FRENCH EXHIBITION.—Open from Ten to Six.

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THIS DAY, SATURDAY, 26th.—FIFTH DAY of the INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL DISPLAY.—Admission, 2s. 6d.

MONDAY, 28th.—SIXTH DAY of the INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—Admission, 1s.

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NOTICE is Hereby Given, that in consequence of the very general expressions of regret at the proposed EARLY CLOSING of the INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL DISPLAY, the Executive Committee have decided on appealing to the Exhibitors to continue it until THURSDAY NIGHT NEXT.

The Executive Committee have the satisfaction to announce that the great Exhibitors have already consented, and not only said that they would continue all their plants that could possibly be left, but would replace those taken away.

Admission, Saturday, 2s. 6d.; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 1s.

OLD KENSINGTONIANS.—The ANNUAL DINNER of OLD KENSINGTONIANS will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, the 19th day of June next, at Seven o'clock precisely.

WILLIAM PAYNE, Esq., of St. James's Palace, in the Chair.

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Tickets, 21s. each, can be obtained on application to WYNDHAM PAYNE, Esq., Hon. Secretary, 32 Kensington Square, or 61 St. James's Street.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—A PUBLIC DINNER for Old Boys and Masters of this School will be held at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, on Thursday, June 7, at Six o'clock. The Rev. T. W. SHARPE, M.A., in the Chair. The Names of Gentlemen intending to Dine to be sent to JOHN TATNAM, M.D., 1 Wilton Place, S.W., Hon. Sec. Tickets, 21s.

NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.
President.—The Right Hon. LORD HOUGHTON, D.C.L.

The ANNUAL DINNER for 1866 will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Saturday, June 9, at Six o'clock.
The Right Hon. EARL GRANVILLE, K.G., in the Chair.

Dinner Tickets, 21s. each; Ladies' ditto, 6s. Early application should be made to the Secretary for Tickets, at the Office, 24 Cecil Street, Strand, W.C.—The Musical arrangements will be announced in a few days.

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The Collection of the Kennedy Latin Professorship Fund was commenced in consequence of the following resolution passed at a Meeting of the Friends of Dr. Kennedy, in Cambridge, on November 9, 1865:

"That a fund be collected and presented to the University of Cambridge, for the purpose of founding a Professorship of Latin, to be called the Kennedy Professorship. Provided that if the fund so raised be not at first sufficient for the immediate fulfilment of its purpose, the sum collected shall be invested in the names of Trustees, until by its own accumulation, or by additions from other sources, it shall reach the amount required by the University Statutes."

The University Statutes require an endowment of £200 a year. Towards this endowment a sum of £3,200 has been already promised, chiefly by Shrewsbury men, and the following members of the Committee have consented to act as Trustees: the Rev. W. G. Clark, the Rev. F. T. Colby, and the Rev. R. Burn. The Committee now venture to appeal to the members of the University of Cambridge in general, and others who are interested in Latin Scholarship, in order that they may be enabled to carry out this important undertaking with as little delay as possible.

Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the "Kennedy Professorship Fund" at the London and County Bank; or to Messrs. Montague & Co., Cambridge; or to the Secretary, the Rev. ROBERT BURN, Trinity College, Cambridge.

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